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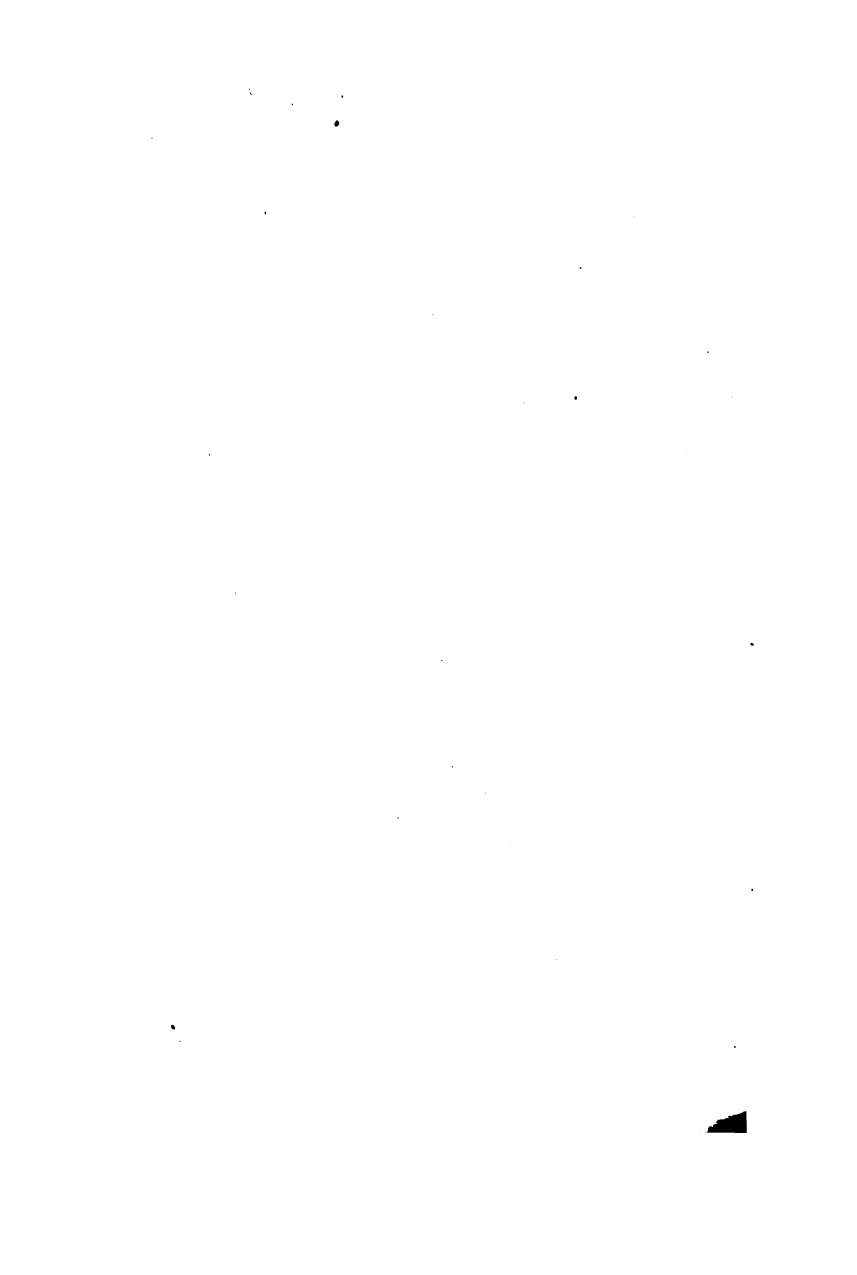




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HENRY
COUNT DE KOLINSKI,

POLISH TALE,

BY

MRS. MURRAY.



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HENRY COUNT DE KOLINSKI.

WHILE Hope holds out her flattering talisman to the human mind, it is enabled, by that wonderful charm alone, to resist Misfortune in all her hideous forms. But what words can express the feelings of an unfortunate being deprived of that support? Such is the fate, at this instant, of many in Siberia, who, bred up in society, were endowed with powers calculated to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind; who once successfully trod the brilliant paths of science, and adorned the courts of some of the greatest potentates in the north of Europe.

KOLINSKI, sixteen months an inhabitant of those wild and cheerless deserts, the sad victim of despotic tyranny, had not as yet become a prey to despair. But Kolinski was of a superior order of beings. Genius presided at his birth; and Hope, though sometimes enveloped in an almost impenetrable cloud, was never entirely lost to his view. He found himself at the age of nineteen high in favour at the court of Warsaw, heir to a noble fortune, and without a wish ungratified, except that of making the tour of Europe,—a measure to which his father for some time refused his consent.

Kolinski at length, partly by intreaty and partly by the interference of some of his friends, obtained it; and taking an affectionate farewell of his family and friends, accompanied by his governor, he bid adieu for some years to his paternal home. He was escorted to the frontiers by a numerous train of no-

bility, the companions of his boyish days; from whom, when he was at length compelled to separate, he felt as if he were about to be torn for ever from his native country. Now he regretted the curiosity and love of knowledge which had prompted him for two years past to solicit his father's permission to travel. He even deemed it an idle and childish wish of change, which had made him fancy that seeing the different courts of Europe, and observing the various modes and customs peculiar to each nation, could make him better or wiser. More than once he was tempted to return. Human nature, thought he, is invariably the same: why then run about to study that which can be equally well attained in my own country? Climate, laws, and government alone are the occasion of these different habits; which an intelligent traveller observes, it is true, with some degree of pleasure, as he has then an opportunity of tracing them to their source.

Yet, after all, can it make amends for the loss, though temporary, of parents, friends, and country? Are not books sufficient to give any reasonable person a thorough knowledge of the world? The statesman, does he not learn from history how to shun the dangerous rocks and quicksands of ambition? Does it not constantly show him the folly of swerving from the strict, and not unfrequently severe, admonitions of conscience? How many useful lessons to guard him while basking in the sunshine of court favour; and, still more grateful and soothing, to resign him to the frowns of his sovereign, and enable him to bear with fortitude the desertion of the multitude!

Thus did Kolinski reason upon the total uselessness of travelling, whilst the carriage moved swiftly on, and his Governor sat by him unconscious of every surrounding object, his thoughts being wholly

taken up in contemplating the many comforts his salary would procure for a wife and family. This thought alone alleviated in some degree the pangs of separating from those most dear to him. His own exertions would not have been wanting in contributing to the comfort and happiness of his beloved partner and helpless little ones : but those he was in a great measure debarred from using, by being a nobleman,—which rank he would not contaminate by employing his talents in commerce of any kind. Strange prejudice of education, which can overcome reason, and counteract the dictates of common sense! for, upon any subject save the dignity of a gentleman of Poland, Beniaski was a man whose judgment was clear and unbiassed : he was well acquainted with the world, having travelled when young in the suite of his present pupil's uncle.

Russia was chosen as their first scene of observa-

tion ; and Kolinski, finding himself very happy, remained some months longer than was intended. He at length embarked from Petersburg, and, landing at Stralsund, ran over the different courts of Germany, losing as little time as possible, being impatient to arrive at Paris, now exhibiting a scene of events too shocking to reflect upon without horror, —yet not unworthy the observation of one whose design in travelling was the acquirement of knowledge. Here Kolinski met with a severe loss in the death of his Governor, whose learning and talents were tempered by a heart the most benevolent, and an imagination warm and lively, which rendered him a most pleasing companion and friend. His grief for him was very sincere while it lasted ; but he was not of a disposition to indulge it long. Young, rich, lively, in one of the gayest cities in the world, an universal favourite, could it be supposed that Melancholy would find a resting-place

in his bosom? The very air of Paris was sufficient to chase her from it,—that city which resisted her influence even when deluged with blood!

Kolinski, now left to act entirely from his own judgment, does not appear to have more penetration than the generality of young men at his time of life. His heart was good: he could not persuade himself that the world in general inclined more to vice than virtue: he was forced to acknowledge, however, with a sigh, that it flourished too well in every climate. “But then,” said he, “virtue is the natural inhabitant of the human breast: it may, sometimes, I will allow, be enveloped by weeds, yet is never entirely eradicated. The greatest philosophers have thought otherwise. Their tempers must have been soured by disappointments. Given up to retirement and study, perhaps they had neither time nor inclination to develop the true charac-


ters of those whom chance had thrown in the way of their observation; and, being surprised at last to find them unworthy of the esteem and friendship bestowed without reflection, were induced for their sakes to rail at all mankind." Thus did Kolinski reason, and at Paris too. While Beniaski lived, his vigilant attention to the welfare of his pupil prevented him from becoming a prey to the arts of the greedy or rapacious villain, who, squandering away his own fortune in the pursuit of every vice, endeavours to repair it by laying in wait to profit by the errors and follies of the inexperienced.

An English gentleman of the name of Ruben, and a Mr. Black from Ireland, both lately arrived at Paris, now became the constant companions of Kolinski. He had studied the English language in Poland, and was happy in meeting so good an opportunity of perfecting himself, particularly as those

gentlemen were eminently formed to please. Black, lively, agreeable, ever the promoter of some party of pleasure, and always the life and soul of the company, though not perfectly the polished gentleman, yet had received a good education, and lived much in society. Ruben had a little of that melancholy peculiar to the English, but was so much a man of the world, and of manners so truly elegant, that what might be considered a fault in any other man, appeared in him to result from reflection, and gave additional lustre to those sallies of wit which sometimes escaped him. Those two gentlemen had been travelling, they said, for their amusement; and receiving, or affecting to receive, much pleasure in the company of the Count de Kolinski, determined to remain at Paris during his stay, and promised to accompany him on the remainder of his tour. Such a promise could not fail of being agreeable. He expressed his gratitude for

this proof of their friendship, becoming, if possible, more attached to them than before. Thus, with sense and understanding far above his years, and with a heart incapable of deliberate vice, did this young nobleman put himself in the power of two men, who under the most specious appearances covered minds the most depraved, and suffer himself to be led into scenes of dissipation and vice, of which he never after could think but with a sigh of repentance.

To give a recital of the excesses entered into by this triumvirate during a few months' residence at Paris, would be a task equally unpleasant to the recorder, and to those who for want of some more agreeable object, may chance to cast their eye on this little volume. Suffice it to say, that at the end of that period the Count found himself deserted by his two friends, after having been stripped by




them in an honourable way, (ycleped gambling) of several large sums of money—so large, that he dreaded letting his father know the extent. But what was his consternation to find that they had likewise conferred on him the honour of paying all their bills, to the amount of some thousands! His signature was so well counterfeited, that he could hardly persuade himself he had not written it. He was like one awakened from a dream. Anger, indignation, shame, all assailed him by turns, and very nearly bereft him of his senses. One minute he would use all the rigour of the law against them: the next he determined to follow them to the end of the world, charge them with their guilt, and make them answer with their lives for this treacherous behaviour;—when his French valet, shrugging up his shoulders, begged leave to assure Monsieur le Comte that that was not possible, as he could understand that the two English gentlemen were embarked for America a week since.

He now saw, when it was too late, that he had been guilty of an error in forming an intimacy so strict, without some better recommendation than agreeable manners.—This was a serious disappointment, yet upon reflection he hoped it would prove an useful lesson. From henceforward, therefore, he determined to investigate closely the characters of those towards whom chance or inclination should attract him, before he would venture to give them his friendship. He wrote a full account of this affair to his father, who, with his usual kindness, soon relieved him from the pecuniary embarrassments under which his two friends had left him. At the same time he earnestly entreated him to act with more caution in future, since, independent of the shame and vexation of being duped, he feared it might not be in his power always to supply him with the same ease as heretofore; for, from the views of some of the neighbouring courts, he foresaw

with grief that Peace was about to take her flight from his devoted country. At present, however, he said, all was quiet ; and he concluded with expressing a wish that his son would extend his tour to the island of Great Britain, for many reasons, which he would assign to him when arrived there. “ Besides, my dear Henry,” added he, “ the English are a brave people, whose laws and government are founded upon the purest principles of equity ; and it is fit that a nobleman of Poland, whose antiquity alone renders him respectable in all the courts of Europe, should study to keep up that respectability by storing his mind with useful knowledge.”

The chagrin which followed the desertion and ingratitude of his two friends being now dissipated, Kolinski again shone in all the brilliant circles of Paris. He made known his intention of visiting

England, though at present he would much rather have stayed where he was; yet to gratify the wishes of his father he determined upon quitting Paris. He procured, among his numerous friends, letters of introduction to many families of the first rank in England. Lord Bennet, now finishing his tour, and waiting at Paris for a friend whose health obliged him to continue a month or two longer in the South of France, expressed his wish that the Count de Kolinski would defer his departure to that period, as he should consider himself happy in accompanying him, and by every effort in his power would endeavour to render his residence in that country agreeable. Lord Bennet's character was universally admired and respected: he therefore readily consented to a plan which would prolong his stay at Paris, and procure him an introduction that was likely to prove so pleasing in England. Lord Bennet was a young nobleman of a most amiable



disposition, and very deserving of the esteem and friendship of Kolinski: but he was not at that time in a situation to profit by the friendship of this agreeable Englishman; every feeling of his soul was now absorbed in the charming Madame de L.: she engrossed all his thoughts, and occupied all his time. That time which, before he knew her, was constantly employed in adding information to an understanding already highly cultivated, was now entirely devoted to her; and when Lord B. got letters from the South informing him that his friend was no more, and called to announce to the Count that he was now at liberty to quit Paris as soon as he pleased, it was a doubt with Kolinski whether he would not give up all thoughts of going to England,—so distressed was he at the idea of separating from the object of his affections! The dread, however, of appearing inconsistent determined him at all events to keep his first resolution. In a fortnight they were to set out;

and as England could have but few charms for one whose heart was at Paris, Kolinski resolved on making only a short stay, and, returning to Paris, remain there until recalled to Poland. Anxious to communicate this intelligence to Madame de L., and desirous to spend as much of his time as possible in her company, he hurried to her house. But what was his wonder and surprise, in walking through a long gallery which led to her apartments, to hear his name repeated several times, and Madame de L., declaring he was the most stupid man in the world, and express a wish that he would no longer tease her with his dismal love!

At that instant he entered. She was surrounded by half a dozen young noblemen of his acquaintance, and, with all that good breeding for which her country is remarkable, addressed him in the softest and most fascinating tones, saying, "Count, we

were just speaking of you. Pray do not you think it one of the greatest pleasures to be able to speak of our absent friends?" This was too much. Madame de L., the enchanting Madame de L., from whom that morning to gain one smile he would have forfeited half his fortune. Was it possible that she could have the effrontery to behave thus? He was stupified. For an instant he knew not what to say. At length, with all the coolness he could muster he told her that she did him a vast deal of honour, and he hoped that Fate would be as propitious to all her wishes as that which he had just had the mortification of hearing; adding, "The very sound of Madame de L.'s voice commands attention; which was the cause of my hearing her sentiments of me whilst I walked up the gallery. Will she condescend to forgive the length and frequency of my visits, when I promise faithfully never more to intrude upon her patience? as a proof of which, I now bid her adieu

for ever!" Before she could make him any answer, he was gone.—What his feelings upon this occasion were, those only who have been in the same situation can judge. To those who know not what it is to love it would be needless to attempt a description.


London now presented a new scene to Kolinski, but not the most pleasing one. In traversing the streets of that great metropolis he was eternally annoyed by the jostles and rude jests of the populace; who seeing from his appearance he was a foreigner, and not supposing him to understand their language, indulged their passion for ridiculing all who have not had the good fortune of being born in England. To avoid this, he sometimes went in his carriage; but then he met with so many delays from the multiplicity of waggons that are for ever moving through the streets, that, losing all patience at

their not giving way to their superiors, he would leap out of his carriage and ejaculate a curse upon that liberty and independence which could give rise to such insolence. His friend Lord Bennet had frequent arguments with him upon this subject. Kolinski insisted that the Polish, the French, or even the Russian peasant enjoyed more real happiness than the English. "The Pole," said he, "in particular is free from all care; he depends entirely upon his Lord, whose interest he knows it is to preserve him and his family from those miseries and wants which all your boasted independence cannot preserve millions of your inhabitants from. In return, he serves him with fidelity, and considers himself bound by gratitude, and a kind of filial affection, to spill the last drop of his blood in his service."

"But can you suppose," replied Lord Bennet,

“ It is in the nature of a rational being to be happy without liberty? Can every other comfort, nay, every luxury of life, make amends for the loss of it? Believe me, the love of liberty is so deeply implanted in the human breast, that man will not submit to the deprivation of it without a murmur, nor is it reasonable to expect that he should. Besides, what gratification can the feeling heart derive from the forced obedience of a slave, in comparison with the voluntary compliance of the free man?”

“ Surely,” resumed Kolinski, “ you do not call a Polish peasant a slave! He lives in the place in which he was born, happy in the society of his relations and friends: he tills the ground, and labours at the various mechanic arts, it is true; but would he not do the same for his support in this land of liberty?”




“ Very true,” said Lord B., “ but with this difference: the Englishman knows that he labours for the good of himself and family,—therefore does it with pleasure; while the slave of despotic power feels that he is only a miserable machine, wearing out his wretched life in working for the benefit of his master.”

“ And pray,” said Kolinski, “ when your English labourer deducts from his hire all those taxes which it is found necessary to burthen him with, how much remains for the support of his family? Do not your poor-houses, and your jails exhibit a melancholy proof of the distress of those who are forced to take refuge in the one, or compelled by their hard-hearted creditors to confinement in the other? But, my dear friend, does it not appear strange to hear an Englishman rail at slavery; whose nation at this very instant carries on

an extensive traffic in that shameful branch of trade? I hope, however, you will believe that I would by no means touch upon the subject, were I not perfectly well acquainted with your heart, and the abhorrence in which you hold this abominable and inhuman practice."

There were few people for whom Kolinski had so great an esteem as for Lord Bennet, or in whose company he felt so much pleasure: indeed, Lord B. introduced him to several genteel families, and used every effort to make England agreeable to him. His uncle, an Irish gentleman of good fortune, who resided in London, took a particular fancy to Kolinski. He was, he said, the only foreigner he ever knew for whom he could feel a cordial friendship, and that for the future he would love every Pole for his sake; adding, "my good Kolinski, I think the manners of your nation bear a very strong re-



semblance to my own, which I can tell you, young gentleman, you should take as a compliment. I wish you would take my advice, and visit my country: there you would find true courage, generosity, and hospitality, equal if not superior to any you left behind you. It has been my lot to live out of it for some years; but I shall insert it as a particular clause in my will, that my remains be carried to Ireland. There shall my dust mingle with that of my brave ancestors in the venerable abbey of * * * *."

Mr. Archdale, while a boy, had the misfortune of losing his mother, whose place was soon supplied by a distant relation of her own. She did not show that attention to her son-in-law which might be expected even from gratitude to his mother, who had always been extremely fond of her. She felt his presence a kind of restraint, and laid a thousand

schemes to get rid of him. At length she thought of the army, and prevailed on his father to purchase a commission for him. This she hoped would be a sure method of lessening that strong affection his father seemed to feel for him. Young Archdale's regiment was stationed in England; which he soon joined, and for the first two months applied himself assiduously to the study of tactics. At the end of that time he began to consider that he was throwing away a vast deal of labour, it being unnecessary to become a proficient in a profession which he did not mean to follow. Now his books on the military art were thrown aside, and he cultivated with equal assiduity the acquaintance and esteem of his brother officers, most of whom he found to be lively agreeable men. They were acquainted, too, with all the belles in and about the town of * * * *; and introducing him to them, he became a constant attendant at all the assemblies, and, being an ex-

cellent dancer, was a general favourite, particularly with Lord Bennet's family, who lived within a few miles of the town, and often graced the rooms with their presence.

Bennet Vale was now the scene of festivity; the wedding of Lady Hellen brought crowds of company. The two younger daughters, Lady Ann and Lady Betty, were introduced for the first time into company. Their beauty attracted a numerous train of admirers, and Archdale among the number was inspired with a passion for Lady Ann. She did not suffer him to languish long in suspense, but declared that, if her father did not permit her to marry him, she would remain single. Lord Bennet could make no objection to young Archdale's family or fortune, therefore did not withhold his consent; although he thought his daughter rather too young, she being not eighteen: but he insisted upon their living in

England. This old Archdale readily consented to, as he now had a family by his second wife that engrossed all his affections.

Whilst his father-in-law lived Archdale remained very peaceably in England: but after his death he proposed to his wife to take a trip to Ireland, "which," said he, "my dear, will help to dissipate your grief for the loss of your father, and give me the satisfaction of seeing mine." Their visit was followed by disappointment and vexation to Mr. Archdale, who found his father surrounded by a family of ignorant ill-bred sons and daughters, who seemed to regard him no further than as his life gave them power over his income. Lady Ann, disgusted with the country and its inhabitants, dreaded nothing so much as residing in Ireland. These circumstances prevented them from prolonging their stay, or ever returning to it again. Lady Ann, with a

tolerable good understanding, some knowledge, and a lively imagination, was not generally liked. She was an exceedingly good wife and mother, but a bigot to her own opinions. One of them, luckily for her daughters, was, that a cultivated understanding constituted the greatest beauty in the female sex. No person could be more capable of educating her children: she had, however, one fault, which made her a vast number of enemies: it was her idea, that no other woman (and indeed very few men) was equal to herself either in knowledge or penetration,—always giving her opinion with a tone so decisive, as if she came into company for the purpose of dictating, rather than to give and receive pleasure. Her three daughters were the very reverse of this: to a knowledge very uncommon at their time of life, they joined a degree of humility which rendered them most pleasing companions.

Kolinski was not insensible to the merits of this family: he understood enough of English to be able to enjoy the reading parties which formed a principal part of their amusements; and Lady Ann would sometimes make the girls speak French or Italian to the Count, in order to keep them in practice. Thus he had the pleasure of seeing himself a favourite to every individual of the family. To the eldest Miss Archdale he was attracted by a similarity in their tastes and dispositions. She was one of those few who receive from nature the genuine sparks of poetic fire: her intelligent and sensible countenance bore testimony to the refined and delicate feelings of her heart, and at the first view prepossessed him in her favour. This surprised him not a little. "For surely," said he, "Fancy herself could not present to the imagination a form more beautiful, a face more enchanting, than Harriot is blest with; nor can any person look at

or listen to the playful vivacity of little Ellen, without confessing her to be charming." An intimacy in the family, however, confirmed his opinion in favour of Matilda. Her quick and just discernment, her pointed wit tempered by an amiable disposition, soon won his heart. He was now never happy but at Mr. Archdale's, and found it extremely irksome to be obliged to spend whole days without being able to see that family, as was sometimes the case, in consequence of his being very much complimented by many respectable families,—a mark of politeness he could now excuse with all his heart. He saw all that beauty and elegance combined could boast of, collected at court, and admired the English women in general; but Matilda alone had power to engage his heart. There was something so fascinating in her air and manners that she stole upon his affections, and made him a willing captive. His chief anxiety was the fear of

not appearing pleasing in her eyes. Ever ready as she was to palliate the faults of others, he knew her to be possessed of a penetration so quick, and a judgment so refined, that, looking into himself, he found he had a thousand faults which must appear in a glaring light to so perfect a character. He determined, therefore, to conceal his passion from all the world, but more particularly from Matilda, until time, and his endeavours to become perfect, might give him reason to hope that she thought favourably of him.

Thus did Kolinski pass some months in England, alternately the slave of hope and fear, when he received letters from his father desiring his return to Poland as soon as possible; adding, " Now, my son, does the situation of your country call upon you to exert those talents which your fond father flatters himself you are possessed of, and which he

hopes will be employed for the welfare of your nation, and the preservation of the noble house of Kolinski. May the fame of our great ancestors inspire you with that true and steady patriotism which led them on to deeds which must ever reflect a lustre upon their names !”


This letter had the desired effect upon Kolinski. Filled with the idea of his own importance, and how much there was expected from him, he felt his breast glow with the warmest affection for his country, and indignation at her wrongs. He determined to devote his time and very being to her service, and immediately set about preparing for his departure. A resolution once formed in the mind of Kolinski, and which upon reflection he approved of, was a certainty that no gratification, however alluring, could make him break. How poignant then must his feelings have been, when the first ardour of his

zeal began to subside a little, and Matilda's amiable qualities presented themselves to his imagination! He was going to leave her, in all human probability, never more to return; never more see that intelligent countenance, never more hear those sentiments of refined and elegant flowing from the purest of hearts; to quit England without breathing one complaint, or even knowing her opinion of him! It was too much: it was more than even the resolute Kolinski could do: he must make her acquainted with his sentiments, the sentiments which now rent his heart, and made him wish that he had never come to England,

For several days did he watch for an opportunity of avowing his love to Matilda, but no opportunity occurred. Expectation every morning gave animation to each look and action; but when night drew on attended by disappointment, he sunk into grief.

the most extreme. Three days more, and he was gone perhaps for ever! What was to be done? He sat down and wrote her a long letter, in which he endeavoured to paint his passion in colours the most lively. His description, however, fell far short of what he felt. He tore the letter in a thousand pieces. "I may express myself better," said he, "when inspired by her presence. Surely I shall get an opportunity, some time this day or to-morrow, of saying a few words to her. She cannot refuse to listen to an unfortunate man rendered so by herself."

Happy in this idea, he anxiously awaited the moment that was to present him at her father's. In the mean time he walked slowly about his apartment, indulging himself in one of those pleasing reveries commonly called castle-building;—a kind of amusement Kolinski was so fond of, that




he has often declared life would not be worth preserving without it. His way of reasoning on the subject was thus : The power which every rational being is sensible that he has in his mind, of calling forth at will a train of agreeable ideas, and dwelling on them as long as he thinks fit, was given him by the wise Disposer of all, no doubt for the purpose of softening the evils incident to human nature. Let him make use of this power, then, and he will find it a greater source of happiness than what the world usually call the goods of life.

With regard to his own feelings, he certainly reasoned justly, few men having met with more vicissitudes of fortune than himself ; yet there was not any person with whom he would have changed places, had it been in his power. When the hour arrived at which he generally visited Mr. Archdale's family, he took his hat, and, invoking all the

powers of love to his aid, sallied forth, enjoying a degree of calmness which he flattered himself was something like a presage of good fortune. He found Lady Ann and her two youngest daughters preparing to go out. Miss Archdale had caught a slight cold at the Opera-house the night before, and was to remain at home. "The Count will read to you, Matilda," said her mother, "while we are away. I hope," said she, addressing herself to Kolinski, "that you do not forget your promise of dining here this and the few remaining days of your stay in London. We shall expect you, positively: so pray do not send any apology. I fancy you will think me unreasonable in thus wishing to engross your time; but be assured friendship alone dictates this freedom, and that few people have a higher sense of the favour you confer than Mr. Archdale and myself."

She could not have gratified Kolinski more than

by thus desiring his company, except by leaving him tête-à-tête with Matilda. Now arrived the opportunity which he had sought for so long; but it did not seem likely to conduce so much to his happiness as he expected. Far from being able to give vent to his feelings, or from being inspired, as he flattered himself he should be, by the presence of Matilda, he could not even arrange his ideas so as to converse upon the most indifferent subject. He attempted two or three times to speak, but could get no further than some common-place observation. At length, "I fear, Miss Archdale," said he, "that your cold is a vast deal worse than you will acknowledge; it has quite deprived you of your vivacity."—"No, I assure you," said she, "the cold is not the cause."—"What can be the cause, then?" said he: "surely, Matilda is not, cannot be, unhappy! Pardon me, madam, if I presume to inquire into the cause of your uneasiness: will you condescend to intrust me with it?"




Matilda, shocked to a degree at his taking notice of her lowness of spirits, at the confused kind of answer which she had made him, and still more so lest he should discover the cause, which was no other than his departure, endeavoured to laugh it off, and said, " Indeed, Count, I am not in the least unhappy; how could you suppose it? My spirits are never so high as Ellen's: but that does not proceed from any uneasiness of mind. I am delighted with her vivacity, and often tempted to envy her for it."—" Envy," said Kolinski, " can never find a place in the breast of Miss Archdale; for what mortal is half so perfect?"—" Upon my word, Count," said Matilda, " your compliments are so much beyond bounds, that I shall not attempt to make any answer, but shall beg leave to remind you of your promise to read to me. Pray, is it the fashion in Poland to promise and not perform?"—" No, charming Miss Archdale; but we

have a strange propensity, when we have the power of choosing, to make choice of that which is most agreeable. Now your conversation being much more pleasing than any book, you must not be surprised that I give it the preference. Besides, I wish for your advice upon a subject which interests me deeply.”—“ My advice, Count?”—“ Yes, madam: there is no person whose opinion I should wish to take but yours. Permit me to make you my confidante. I am in love with a most amiable, enchanting English woman. My heart is tortured at the idea of separating from her. Yet I dread acquainting her with the passion with which she has inspired me; or the hopes I look forward to of returning to this country to solicit the honour of her hand. She may think me presumptuous; she may treat those hopes, so dear to my heart, with disdain, with scorn. On the other hand, this state of uncertainty is dreadful. Oh, could I have but the

smallest reason to suppose that I was not indifferent to her, with what transporting pleasure would my breast glow! I know that I am infinitely unworthy of her affection; yet I might hope that the fervency of my love would in some measure compensate for my want of merit. Speak, dearest Miss Archdale; do you think that there is any hope for me, any ray of happiness in store for the unfortunate Kolinski? Put yourself in her place, and have the goodness to tell me."

Unless Matilda was totally stupid, she could not but perceive, both by his looks and manner of expression, that Kolinski meant no other than herself.—His attentions to her had always been so pointed, that, without accusing her of folly or vanity, we may venture to assert, (though he never before this gave her the slightest intimation of his passion,) that she was as thoroughly convinced of

it as if he had laid open to her view the inmost recesses of his heart. She had for some time past dreaded what just now happened. Not that she was at all displeased at the preference he showed her, being attached to him as much from the opinion she had of his worth, as from his constant assiduity to render himself pleasing in her eyes: but knowing him to be a nobleman of high rank and fortune, she concluded that his family must have in view for him much higher connections than her's; that is, connections which, by strengthening his interest, would increase his power in the state; and without the consent of his family she was determined never to marry him. Besides, she had every reason to believe that neither her father or mother would ever agree to her marriage with a foreigner, rich enough to provide handsomely for all their children, not a little proud of the noble and ancient blood which flowed through their veins, and violently




prejudiced in favour of their own country. She knew that in their hearts they looked down upon the inhabitants of every other. She had, therefore, from the time she became sensible of Kolinski's merits, adopted the idea of living single, and devoting her affections to one so superior to the rest of mankind. She was now very much confused, and hesitated for some moments, not knowing what answer to make. He again intreated her to put an end to his hopes or fears, by saying what fate he had to expect; adding, "My happiness or——"

At that instant the door opened, and a young gentleman, without giving the servant time to announce him, entered, exclaiming "My dear cousin Matty, how do you do?"—"Sir, your very humble servant."—"Why, miss, you look as if you did not know me! Don't you remember little Billy Hardy? See how well I recollect you, though we

were both so young when I was in London with my father! Ah, Miss Matty, I was in hopes you would not forget me, who cried so much at parting from you that my father thought, he has often told me since, I should have fallen into fits!"

Matilda, now recollecting herself a little, apologized for not knowing him at first, saying, that "he was grown quite out of memory, but that she perfectly recollected her little cousin William, and was delighted to see him again in London."—"Oh, you'll often see me in London now, Miss," said he: "I intend to spend part of every year here. You know, a man is thought nothing of, if he does not take a trip to London now and then. But my cousin here," addressing himself to Kolinski, "has been further. I suppose, by that foreign air, you are only just returned from your travels?"

Matilda, ready to die with shame at this awkward-



ness in a man who had just proclaimed himself her relation, introduced him to Kolinski, at the same time telling him that her brother was still in Italy, "Sir," said Hardy, "I beg your pardon a thousand times: I really took you for my cousin James. I assure you, sir, there are very few people who feel more for your unfortunate country than I do. Pray, how do they go on now? There is no believing what the newspapers say: but I always get the best information from some emigrants of my acquaintance. Poor people! indeed they are very much to be pitied. Lost all your fortune, I suppose, sir?—If you come to Ireland, I shall be very happy to see you at Kilferonan, just on the banks of the Shannon."

Here, for want of breath, he was obliged to pause, and heard for the first time what Matilda had been telling, that Count Kolinski was from

Poland. "Oh, my dear sir," resumed Hardy, "I beg ten thousand pardons: but really *this* country is so over-run with French emigrants, that I take every foreigner I meet for one of them. I hope, sir, we shall be better acquainted. I have often wished very much to have the pleasure of knowing some of your countrymen. We consider them not devoid of genius, I assure you, notwithstanding they are so much our inferiors in all the fine arts. Your king, by all accounts, is a very great man."—"We think him a good and a great man, sir," said Kolinski.

There was something so unfeeling, and even indelicate, in every word Mr. Hardy had uttered, that Matilda was ready to faint with shame and vexation. She would have given the world that he was gone, as she dreaded, every time he opened his lips, that he might be guilty of some rudeness

towards Kolinski. He, however, paid very little attention to Hardy's conversation, sensible only to his own disappointment in losing an opportunity so favourable to his wishes, and which he had so long sought for in vain.

Had Hardy been the most agreeable man in the world, Kolinski would not just then have relished his society. Determining, therefore, to wait until he made an end of his visit, he took up a book which lay by him, and endeavoured to beguile the time, whilst Hardy was giving Matilda an account of his family, and a circumstantial detail of their amusements the preceding winter in Dublin. At length, getting out of patience, the Count gave up all thoughts of out-staying him, and returned to his lodgings in no very pleasing temper of mind. At first he resolved not to dine at Mr. Archdale's; but when he considered the very few days he was

to be in London, he could not prevail on himself to lose any opportunity of seeing Matilda. Had he not dreaded some unfavourable change taking place in Poland, and the confusion which follows a change in a State, he would not have hesitated in openly avowing his passion for Matilda, and soliciting his father's permission to marry her. But as matters now stood he could not think of it. His present anxiety, therefore, was to know whether he had made any impression on her heart, from which he might hope the completion of his happiness at some future period. This, however, was a subject upon which he was to remain ignorant; an unaccountable fatality rendering it impossible for him to address a single word to her unheard by some one or other of her family, particularly Hardy, who taking it into his head to fall in love with her, was never a moment from her side.

Hardy was a distant relation of the Archdale fa-



mily, and had been bred an attorney; but, by the death of an uncle having come into the possession of a good estate, he dropped the profession of the law, and launched into the world filled with a high idea of his own consequence and knowledge, which upon some subjects no doubt was very extensive: for instance, he was well versed in all the intricate turns and twists of the law; and knew circumstantially every cause which had been agitated in the courts for many years back; some of which, not much to the honour of humanity, he took great pleasure in recounting. Not that his heart was bad, but his propensity to hear himself speak was too strong to be repressed by any consideration whatsoever: the trifling and uninteresting questions with which he constantly teased Kolinski were almost as disagreeable to him as his love for Matilda. The day preceding his departure, Hardy's volubility became, if possible, more irksome than ever.


The uncertainty the Count was in with regard to Matilda's sentiments made him watch for an opportunity of speaking to her, with even more than his usual vigilance. He sometimes fancied that her countenance wore an appearance of sorrow; which, as he had not the vanity to attribute it to his departure, added, if possible, to those regrets he felt at parting, perhaps for ever, from her, and many others in England whose friendship he wished to cultivate. With Lord Bennet he had contracted more than a transient intimacy: he looked forward to the happiness of seeing him in Poland the ensuing summer, and was not now to separate from him until he embarked from Harwich, for which place they were both to set out early in the morning.

Kolinski had just got to a seat near Matilda, and was enjoying the thoughts of renewing the subject which Hardy had so unluckily interrupted, when

he advanced towards him, saying, "I am very much surprised, Count, that you had not the curiosity to visit Ireland: it is highly worthy the observation of a traveller, as much for the beauties of nature which abound there, as the manners of its inhabitants, which render it peculiarly pleasing to strangers." Kolinski said that he conceived the two islands so much one nation, that he did not suppose their manners could differ materially. "Let me tell you, sir," replied Hardy, "that is a great mistake; you forget that we are governed by our own laws, and that we never would, nor I hope never shall, consent to an union. The Irish, Count, are too brave, too independent a people to give up their right of forming their own laws, as their neighbours the Scotch have done."—"Sir," said the Count, "as I am quite a stranger, I do not feel myself qualified to give an opinion upon the subject. During my residence in England I

have often heard it discussed, and could understand that Scotland has benefited very much by the union, and that Ireland never can make any great advances, either in its manufactures or commerce, until that measure shall take place.”—“No such thing, Count. I assure you, all those who have its interest at heart know to the contrary. And as to the manners and customs of Ireland, they are very different, and much more pleasing than those of England. I appeal to you, Miss,” turning to Matilda, “for the truth of what I say.”—“Oh, that is quite unnecessary, sir,” said she: “you are yourself an excellent proof of the justness of your argument.”

Teased to death by his persevering assiduity, she was betrayed into this acrimonious answer, for which she was not pleased with herself, yet hoped it might rid her of him for the present. But he had



too good an opinion of himself to suppose it more or less than a just tribute to his merit; and making a low bow, said, "Miss Matty, you flatter me very much. I am happy, however, to find that you entertain so true an idea of the country."

Kolinski was out of all patience. He attempted once or twice to speak to Matilda, but was interrupted by Hardy's telling him what a loss he sustained in not seeing Ireland, the curiosities of which, he assured him, far surpass those of any other country. "Very likely, sir," said Kolinski.—"No," continued Hardy, quite taken up with his own subject, "nothing can equal the beauties of the lake of Killarney, the Giants' Causeway, the Cave of Cong, and the sublime mountains of Joyes country; not to mention the numerous lakes and rivers profusely scattered all over the kingdom."

“ Pray, Hardy,” said Mr. Archdale, “ may I ask what country it is you have just described ?”—
“ My own, sir, to be sure,” answered Hardy.
“ I was going to tell Count Kolinski how bountiful Nature has been to us. I am glad I have so good an evidence as you in my favour. You can swear to the truth of what I assert.”—“ Indeed,” replied Mr. Archdale, “ I believe there are few people so partial to Ireland as I am, and yet I declare that I hardly know it from your description. Pray, my dear sir, what are the charms you consider so much worthy of attention among those sublime mountains as you call them? Is it their barren and rocky sides, equally impervious to man or beast? Or the miserable bogs and morasses which surround them?”
—“ Why, as to the mountains,” said Hardy, “ I cannot swear to their beauty, having never seen them myself: but being on a commission for six weeks near Killarney, I am perfectly well acquaint-

ed with all the curiosities in its neighbourhood, having had plenty of time to amuse myself, as a couple of hours each day was quite enough for examining the witnesses."

Kolinski took the opportunity of Hardy's speaking to Mr. Archdale, to request, in a whisper to Matilda, that she would tell him, what in her opinion he had to hope from the fair object of his affections; adding, "whatever her sentiments may be, mine are unchangeable, everlastingly fixed. Her image is deeply engraven on this heart devoted to her alone. Tell me, dearest Miss Archdale, may I presume to hope?"—"It is impossible," she would have added, "for me to answer for one I do not know;" but while she was speaking her father called her to play some Irish airs that he was remarkably fond of. She immediately advanced towards the forte-piano, happy at being thus re-

lieved from a situation so perplexing, in which she every moment dreaded an explanation.

From this mortifying answer to a question which interested him so much, and her abrupt change of place, Kolinski concluded that she understood him, but too well, and had thus signified her disapprobation of his presumptuous hopes. Petrified with grief and disappointment, he sat for some time lost to every surrounding object, sensible only to the most heartfelt chagrin.

Very different were his feelings at this instant from those he experienced when assured of Madame de L's indifference towards him. In his connection with her, vanity was the charm which fascinated him. Young, rich, lively, and haughty to a degree, admired by all, she seemed equally insensible to the homage paid to her beauty, and the despair

which the chilling coldness of her manners had been the occasion of. Can it be wondered at, then, that the vanity of Kolinski was flattered, when he found himself the favoured lover of this haughty fair one? He fancied her empire over his heart was everlasting, but he was mistaken. And had she even continued to honour him with those smiles for which he was envied by all the men, the tumult of passions excited by them would ere now have sunk into apathy and indifference.

Now his heart was deeply wounded; he was thoroughly sensible to the many amiable qualities which Miss Archdale possessed in an eminent degree. From his first acquaintance with her he had studied her character with persevering assiduity, and each succeeding day brought with it some additional reason why he should esteem and love her. His dreams of happiness now vanished; a dreadful

chaos presented itself to his imagination, over which he brooded with a kind of melancholy satisfaction. The soft and plaintive air now sung by Matilda, every note of which seemed to vibrate on his heart, accorded well with his present temper, and drove him almost to tears: one stood trembling in his eye.

“ And is it even so?” thought he: “ Is it possible? can Kolinski, will he, permit himself to be thus overcome? Ah no! I will exert my understanding, and, if possible, get the better of this weakness; at all events, conceal it within my own breast.”

No sooner had the music ended, than Hardy again engrossed the conversation. He contended that it was a great mistake to suppose that sunday schools, or any of those seminaries of learning established by ostentatious charity, contributed either to

the welfare or happiness of the lower order of people. "So far from that," said he, "it renders them idle and untractable. The time which would have been occupied in providing for their families, is, when they are taught to read, spent in poring over newspapers or inflammatory pamphlets; which renders them discontented and dissatisfied with their situations."—"How is that possible, sir?" said Lady Ann.—"I assure you, madam," replied Hardy, "I know it to be the case at this minute all over Ireland. Whenever the body of the people is entirely ignorant, which luckily happens in many parts of the kingdom, then you may be certain of finding them perfectly peaceable, and satisfied with their situation."—"Upon my word, sir," said Lady Ann, endeavouring to conceal a smile of contempt which would force itself on her countenance, "you give a very bad proof of the good laws by which you say you are governed, or the

probity of those who administer them, when you contend that the ignorance of the governed can alone make them submit to them. I am inclined to hope that your heart has not dictated the opinion, therefore shall not argue the point with you; but I request that you will reflect for an instant upon the dignity of human nature, and tell me candidly upon what grounds you have formed the notion, that total ignorance, which degrades a rational being almost to the level of the brute creation, should make him better or happier. It is an opinion that I have often heard discussed, but never without blushing for the supporters of it."

Hardy could have related several circumstances which in his idea would sufficiently prove the truth of his assertion, but he knew enough of Lady Ann to be convinced that all he could say would not make her change her opinion. He therefore, though

with infinite reluctance, gave up the argument for the present, saying, "Your philanthropy, madam, makes me blush at my apparent inhumanity, and I must acknowledge that I never looked upon the subject in this light before."—"I make no doubt of it, sir," said she; "there is not one in a thousand who thinks for himself."

Kolinski now taking advantage of the first pause, in a voice scarcely articulate, and with a countenance truly expressive of what he felt at parting from this amiable family, bade them a hasty farewell, and hurried out of the house as fast as possible. All his schemes of future happiness being now overturned by Matilda's apparent indifference, he became a prey to grief the most violent, which agitated him to such a degree that he continued walking about his apartment the greatest part of the night.

His friend Lord Bennet was with him at an early hour,—when they set out for Harwich; finding the packet ready to sail, he bade an eternal adieu to England, and to Matilda, on whose tender and feeling heart he had made an impression never to be effaced, although he was destined to pour forth his unavailing sighs, unconscious of her affection for him.

From Helvoetsluys he crossed over through Germany into Poland. Here he found every thing in a state of confusion; hostile troops assailing them from without, rendered more formidable by a spirit of party and disunion which raged over the whole kingdom. Surrounded now by his family and friends, Kolinski would willingly have remained where he enjoyed with redoubled pleasure that friendly and social intercourse in which Poland appeared to him to excel all other nations. But duty forbade it.


2

The king, confiding in his loyalty, courage, and prudence, had appointed him to the government of some Starostes, and he wished to show to the world, and most of all to his royal master, that his confidence in him had not been misplaced. Hastening therefore to his government he employed himself for some months in marshalling and disciplining his troops; when he received permission to absent himself for a few days, upon the occasion of the approaching nuptials of his only sister with the Prince de Lodoviski.

This union had been for some time determined upon by the two families, and was now to be solemnized with all the pomp and splendour usual in this country upon so important an event. The ceremony was to take place in the cathedral, within a couple of miles of the Palace de Kolinski. At the palace the preparations for the wedding were

advancing rapidly. One square of the building had been pulled down, and fitted up in a new and elegant style. The season of the year not permitting fêtes-champêtres, there were temporary buildings erected, where various entertainments and spectacles were to be exhibited. In a word, nothing was omitted which could contribute to the beauty or brilliancy of the scene.

The day at length arrived which was fixed for the union of the beautiful Maria de Kolinski to the Prince de Lodoviski, whose manly and sensible countenance was a true index of his mind. The sun had scarcely darted his crimson rays through the windows of the east wing of the palace, when the Countess de Kolinski, attended by her female relations, entered her daughter's apartments. Sleep had still locked the eyelids of this young and innocent maid ; her mother gently kissing her forehead,



she awoke, and, rising, gave her maids and companions an opportunity of displaying their taste in the distribution of her jewels, which were of immense value. Her gown was of rich satin of the purest white, over which were scattered bunches of flowers in embroidery, festooned with diamonds of the first water; her head was ornamented by a crown studded with jewels of uncommon size and brilliancy; her hair, of darkest brown, partly braided and fastened by diamond pins, and partly flowing in loose and unstudied ringlets, formed a contrast to the pearly whiteness of her neck.

She was yet under the hands of her women, completing the business of the toilet, when her father came to hand her to the carriage which was to convey her to the cathedral. The numerous followers and vassals of the house of Kolinski attended, forming two lines from the gate of the palace to that of

the outward court, where the carriages waited; to which she was led by her father, preceded by a band of beautiful young boys and girls, representing the Loves and Graces, strewing her path with flowers. She was followed by her bride-maids, her mother, and all her female relations, in ten carriages. The troops marching in order to the amount of some hundreds; near the church they were met by the Lodoviski cavalry and infantry, forming lines to the great door, where the Prince himself waited to receive his bride. The bishop, arrayed in robes of Tyrian dye, attended to perform the ceremony. The address he delivered was calculated to inspire the minds of all the congregation with gratitude for the blessings bestowed on each individual, as well as to inculcate the many and important duties attending the marriage state. The discourse ended, the venerable prelate offered up a short prayer, in which he was joined by the whole

congregation, for a blessing upon the new-married couple. The band now played an epithalamium composed for the occasion, and the two families united in complimenting the bride and bridegroom, whose bright prospects gave every promise of future happiness.

Alas! ill-fated pair! little did you foresee the gathering storm which was so soon to put an end to all your flattering hopes of happiness! a body of Russian hussars surrounded the cathedral during service, waiting the moment when this joyous unsuspecting concourse should sally forth; then rushing on them unexpectedly, made an easy conquest of the brave Poles. The horrors of this scene could be equalled only by the intricate policy which gave rise to it. The families of Kolinski and of Lodoviski were zealous patriots, and firm supporters of all the measures adopted by the king. It

was necessary to render them less formidable, by depriving them at once of their leaders. No opportunity could offer more favourable than the present, when they were all collected for the purpose of festivity and mirth, therefore unarmed. They defended themselves, however, with a courage bordering on madness, until they saw the brave Kolinski, his father, Prince de Lodoviski with his two brothers, and several other noblemen, in the hands of the Russians. Despair now seized on them; they made one or two vain attempts to regain the liberty of their chiefs; but finding it useless to contend longer under such great disadvantages, they fled, leaving the Russians masters of the field. The general who commanded this expedition sent a polite message to the ladies (who were still in the cathedral more dead than alive), requesting that they might not make themselves uneasy in the absence of their lords, assuring them that there was no injury

intended either to their persons or property; expressing also the greatest regret that he should have been the person appointed by her majesty to conduct an expedition apparently hostile—though in conjunction with, and ultimately for the interest of, the Polish nation.


This message was little calculated to relieve the distress of mind under which those unfortunate ladies laboured : it awakened them to all the horrors of their situation, and the dreadful fate which they feared awaited persons so dear to them. Ever in opposition to the Russian party, what had they to expect from an implacable enemy, now that they were in her hands, but death, or worse than death, perpetual exile? Or perhaps, horror was in the thought, these dear relatives might be exposed to punishments which are a disgrace upon the nation that could inflict them.

The Countess de Kolinski herself so much in need of consolation, exerted herself in endeavours to console her daughter the Princess de Lodoviski. Her tears, her beauty, and that expression of melancholy diffused over her intelligent countenance, rendered her an object of compassion and admiration. Was it possible to conceive one half so interesting? deprived at once of all that could make life desirable, father, brother, lover, friends, she in vain attempts to dry up her tears: she throws herself upon her knees: she ejaculates a petition for the fortitude necessary to support her under such accumulated ills: she offers up her vows at the altar, and swears to dedicate the remainder of her life to religion, under the strictest rules of monastic severity. Rising, she addresses the prelate; "accept, my Lord, the vows I now make to the Almighty in your presence,—to renounce from this moment the world with all its deceitful pleasures,

and become a member of the holy sisterhood where I have spent some of my happiest days !”


Her mother, her companions, all endeavour to dissuade her from putting this distressing vow into execution: their efforts are in vain: her resolution is fixed. She embraces her mother: she entreats her friends, by all the affection which they feel for her, to reconcile the Countess to an event which is inevitable: she assures them that her prayers shall be offered up to the throne of mercy for their eternal happiness. With a firm and determined tone she desires that notice may be sent to the convent of **** in order that they should have every thing prepared for her immediate reception.

Meantime the worthy Prelate leads the Princess to the sacristy: he endeavours to reconcile her to the world: he explains to her the duties which




should influence her : he enlarges on the attentions due from her to the best of mothers at this dreadful crisis ; and finally the motives which should induce her to enter into a religious order, the duties attendant on that state ; and, in short, paints it in its most austere and dismal point of view.

She answers him, “ my Lord, your kind solicitude for my happiness I shall never forget, nor shall my gratitude to you lessen but with my life : but I must tell you, my revered friend, that my only hope of tranquillity is in the sanctuary of religion. Reflection long since dictated it as the path most conducive to happiness, and I had determined on pursuing it. But my parents would not hear of it : they had other plans in view : they introduced the amiable, alas ! the unfortunate Lodoviski to me. His beauty, his virtues, and his love, soon effected what they wished. My heart was wholly his.



I trembled when I looked back upon the frightful precipice from which I had escaped. I thought of nothing but living for him: he was the idol that occupied my whole soul: I forgot the author of my being.—But you have punished me,” said she, “ great God how dreadfully !”

A flood of tears overpowered her. The good bishop mingled his tears with hers. For some time they were both unable to speak. At length she requested of him to use his influence with her mother in her favour; to console her in the misfortunes which this dreadful day had accumulated on the whole family; to preach resignation to her under those complicated evils. “ For me,” said she, “ I will instantly remove to the convent of ****, there to remain within its sacred walls. Never more,” said she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, “ will the wretched Maria, while living, quit that holy asylum.”



The Prince de Lodoviski, was not taken prisoner until, overcome by several wounds, he fell to ground : he was then carried off in a state of insensibility. Happy had he remained so ; but at some time, however, he revived sufficiently to be able to feel in their full extent the horrors of his situation ; which affected him so violently, that all care now taken of him in the Russian garrison was vain : his many wounds, added to the agitation of mind, brought on a fever, which in a few days put an end to his existence.

Kolinski, endeavouring to rescue his father, rushed, regardless of himself, into the midst of his enemies, where he was instantly made captive, his efforts and remonstrances to regain liberty being equally fruitless. Hurried from one fort to another, attended by a strong guard, stripped of all the money and moveables which he had about him on

day he was taken, deprived even of the means of giving intelligence to any of his friends of his situation, his guard preserving a strict silence, he was debarred even from the sad consolation of knowing his destination, or what his fate might be: this uncertainty almost distracted him for some days: at length, finding the air become sensibly colder, he concluded that he was on his road to Siberia: he would have been able to form his opinion with greater certainty, but that he travelled only by night, being confined a close prisoner each day at the different forts on the route.

Now dreadful certainty put an end to all those doubts. After travelling for several nights over tremendous mountains and through gloomy and almost impenetrable forests, the cold grew intense, the ground was covered with snow, and sledges became necessary. Horror assailed all his faculties:

he could not arrange his ideas: whichever way he turned his thoughts, a chaos black and impenetrable presented itself to his view: Death would have been a thousand times more pleasing: Kolinski in vain invoked his aid: he was deaf to his prayers: relentless Death ever turns from the unfortunate: oftener among the rich and happy does he choose his victims, aiming his unerring dart at those breasts which shrink with terror at his very name.


Religion, thou peace-inspiring maid, whose calm and benign countenance cheers the afflicted, and whose precepts are like balm to the wounded heart, what mortal ever called on thee in vain? To thee did Kolinski turn, and from thee receive what no earthly power could bestow. By degrees a calm stole over all his senses, he felt like one awaked from some shocking dream: yet he saw all the horrors of his fate, but could contemplate it with a

degree of fortitude and resignation which religion alone could have given him.

Having a great taste for mechanics, he sometimes employed himself in making several little articles of furniture. The miserable tools he picked up did not permit him to finish any of them with nicety, but they were very acceptable to many of his fellow sufferers; who, sinking by degrees into a state of inactivity and apathy, would not make any effort even to procure those little comforts which they enjoyed when provided for them by another. He made a wretched kind of flute, with which he contrived to pass away many an hour, and not unfrequently charmed by his music, men who had been heretofore considered adepts in the art. He soon became a general favourite in the district, and often got permission from the governor to go out with the hunters upon parties for four or five days.

With the furs which he procured he was enabled to purchase carpenters' tools and many little necessities.

He now constantly meditated upon the means of escaping: a thousand different schemes occurred: but though many of them appeared easy enough in speculation, he always found it impossible to execute them. He affected to appear quite reconciled to his situation, knowing the necessity of dissimulation towards effecting the purpose next to his heart. In one of the solitary rambles which the uncommon indulgence of the governor permitted him to enjoy, he met with a Chinese trader, who had been wrecked on the coast. He brought him home to his hut, divided his provision with him, and at his departure gave him some otter skins, which the poor man, grateful for his kindness promised to dispose of to the best advantage. Kolinski




gave him a list of the articles that he wished to get in exchange, and, bidding him farewell, looked forward with impatience to his return, and the performance of his promises, upon which he now fixed all his hopes of liberty.


His knowledge of the world sometimes almost obliged him to relinquish those sanguine hopes; but they always returned when he analysed his own heart. He was a physiognomist, too, and had read truth and honesty in the plain but open countenance of the trader. Slight as the industrious spider's web is the anchor which sustains hope in the breast of the unfortunate. Kolinski now sought her with more than his usual ardour, and she did not forsake him: she appeared to his vivid imagination with a countenance mild and serene: an enchanting smile sometimes illumined her features, which seem-

ed to dissipate for an instant the transparent veil that in general envelops her.

The trader at length returned; and what joy overwhelmed Kolinski, to find that he had not only been as good as his word, but had even outdone his most sanguine expectations, in adding to the produce of his little stock a number of articles which he knew would be acceptable presents to a unfortunate inhabitant of this dismal climate! Business detaining him for some time in this and the neighbouring districts, he made use of his intercourse with the governor to gain various indulgences for Kolinski; nor did the Count feel any repugnance at owing obligations to this truly benevolent man, whom he now made the confidant of all his schemes, his hopes and fears being entirely revealed to this good man, without whose assistance it would have been impossible for him ever to have effected his plan, which was to make his escape in a balloon.



After an infinite number of disappointments, his patience at length overcame all difficulties, and his balloon was completed. It was now about the latter end of June, and the season remarkably fine, but the sun not setting in those northorn latitudes during the greater part of the summer months, obliged him to wait for the first hour of darkness, when he determined to take his flight. This time, though comparatively short to that he had spent in Siberia, appeared to Kolinski dreadfully long : his apprehension of a discovery, and his fears that every person who looked at him would read his thoughts, made him restless and uneasy ; and his health was very near falling a prey to the anxiety and agitation of his mind. Meantime the sun, unconscious of his distress, still continued to warm the frozen children of the north : the most beautiful verdure supplied the place of barren tracts of snow : the rivers, let loose from their bonds, meandered



through perfumed meadows : all nature seemed to rejoice, save Kolinski : he alone sighed for the departure of that brilliant luminary.

When the long-wished-for night at length arrived, his good friend the Chinese lent his aid in preparing the balloon : all matters were soon adjusted : every thing seemed favourable : the fineness of the night, the sky uncommonly clear for this climate, and the universal stillness which reigned all around. Kolinski embraced his friend ; he even shed tears of gratitude ; and, making him a thousand acknowledgments, stepped into his boat. Here they again embraced, and bade each other a melancholy adieu ; when, hearing a distant noise, the cords were hastily cut, and the balloon rose majestically, Kolinski waving his handkerchief until out of sight. His friend remained upon the spot, endeavouring to follow it with his eyes, until the rising sun, enlightening the surrounding atmosphere, discovered


to him that he had been pursuing a phantom, the balloon being totally out of sight.

No sooner was Kolinski's absence known, than an order was sent to the trader to appear before the governor. He affected the greatest astonishment at the news of Kolinski's elopement, and protested his ignorance of it*. The governor, however, could not be persuaded but that he had some knowledge of his movements; at the same time desiring him, if he had any influence over him, to exert it in advising him to give himself up; assuring him that was his only chance of forgiveness for an offence which he must know merited the severest punishment. "You may tell him also," said he, "the impossibility of escaping, every surrounding fort being by this apprised of his crime.

* The Chinese in general are addicted to the crime of telling willing falsehoods, and think it no crime.


The poor trader well knew the truth of this assertion, had Kolinski attempted his escape in any other way than that he had done, which he looked upon as nothing less than the effect of some supernatural power, and could not be persuaded but that his friend dealt in magic; though he so often asserted the contrary most positively, and even took great pains to explain the natural causes of this to him inexplicable phenomenon: his efforts, however, were vain: he silenced his friend, but could not persuade him.

Now delivered from his prison, Kolinski felt all the joy that such an event was capable of inspiring him with. He had flattered himself with having found out a method of directing his balloon, and now tried to put it in execution, on finding the air so cold that he feared for his life: still, however, it continued to ascend, and all his attempts to prevent it proved ineffectual; until luckily getting in-



to a strong current, which suddenly stopped its rising, and carried him with amazing rapidity in a horizontal direction. He was now very much disappointed at not being able to direct the machine, and likewise that he could not judge to a certainty which point of the compass he was moving to, as the sun, by which he had hoped to guide himself, was at present in its meridian. But he comforted himself in the reflection, that no country could be so disagreeable to him as that which he had just quitted.

The beauty and novelty of the scene beneath him now attracted his attention. The clearness of the sky permitted him again to see the earth, which had been for some time obscured by a thick vapour: he looked down upon it as upon a map: he fancied himself an inhabitant of another world, journeying about from planet to planet: he heaved a




sigh of pity for the weakness, the follies, and the littleness of mankind. He almost wished never to return to it, unless he could be gifted with the delightful power of making them happier. "Oh," thought he, "what ecstatic rapture should I feel, were I endued with the power of persuading poor infatuated mortals that true happiness could only result from virtuous actions!" Whilst enjoying those pleasing contemplations, he found that he had crossed over a large tract of water, changed his course, and descended a vast deal lower. He could now see distinctly the land beneath him, which, from the numerous rivers and wide-extended lakes, he concluded must be America.

He now began to think of stopping. America was a country which he had long wished to see. The spirit, the bravery and genius of its inhabitants interested him for them. A chain of unpleasant

events brought him to that continent when least he expected it; but now that he was there, he congratulated himself upon a circumstance which promised a fund of entertainment to a mind like his. As all parts of that immense continent were alike, in his opinion, worthy of inspection, he determined upon descending; but, upon recollection, he thought it would be better to wait until night, fearful lest the novelty of his appearance might occasion any disagreeable consequences.

The sun was now near sinking below the horizon : one half-hour more, and his journey was at an end for the present—perhaps for ever. For many reasons he did not think it would be either convenient or agreeable to him to return to Poland, as he was very certain that his entire party, as well as himself, were sacrificed to the ambitious projects of a few. And although he received much gratification in tra-

velling through the other nations of Europe, yet there was not one of them in which he could wish to fix his residence. In whatever part of America he should happen to alight, he made no doubt of being able to procure a livelihood; his talents, both natural and acquired, being so various: besides his knowledge of the Americans, their liberality and good sense rendered him less fearful of appearing despicable among them, without money, than among any other nation whatsoever. His residence in Siberia, where he had had sufficient leisure for reflection, made him see the world in a very different light from what he had ever done before. He looked back with a degree of astonishment at his own blindness and prejudice, when he recollected the very great respect, nay veneration, in which he held all those who could count a long line of ancestors. He had often laughed at the English, whose God he would say was Mammon, paying




equal respect to the moneyed man, as they call him, of the meanest extraction, with what they could have shown to the oldest Baron in Europe. Man now appeared to him respectable only from the degree of intrinsic merit he could boast of.

The sun disappearing, darkness began to shed its solemn shade over the horizon; and Kolinski, lessening the quantity of inflammable air in his balloon, descended gently towards the earth. As he drew near, he could distinguish an extensive plain beneath him, which seemed to be surrounded by lofty mountains. He heard the roaring of a waterfall; and when within a few yards of the ground, he heard with pleasure the sound of human voices at some distance from the spot towards which he was descending. "Never, never," exclaimed he in an ecstasy, "can the misanthrope know happiness in his so much extolled solitude. Man, the noblest

work of God, was not formed to admire all creation beside, and look with an eye of disgust upon his own species. This is not philosophy, it is nature distorted."

There were not many at his time of life who had more reason to dislike the world than Kolinski; yet, from the instant that he began to descend, one of his greatest fears was that of alighting in an uninhabited desert. He was now relieved from that fear; and whether it was his lot to fall among what are termed the savage nations, or the civilized parts, was a matter of equal indifference to him. A residence amidst the most savage people upon earth, could not be worse than that from which he had just escaped. He determined therefore to be reconciled to his present lot, whatever it might be, depending upon that Providence who orders all things for the best. And now, recommending him-



self to his fatherly protection, his first act, upon landing, was to throw himself upon his knees, returning thanks to that beneficent Power through whose means he had thus miraculously escaped.

Nature now calling for refreshment, he made a hearty repast upon the remainder of the provisions which had been procured for him by his good friend the trader; and, climbing up a tree, he enjoyed the most refreshing slumbers; slumbers which even the sweet bird of night, who in a neighbouring bush sung her melancholy tale to the sighing zephyrs, could not interrupt.

Aurora now advancing silenced the melodious mourner, and, dispelling by degrees the shades of night, awakened Kolinski. The beauty of the surrounding country must have attracted the attention of even a more careless observer than he was. The


rich pasture, the trees bending beneath their weight of fruit, the rivulets silently stealing through the overgrown meadows, the birds chanting, the monkeys playfully skipping from branch to branch, all contributed to beautify the scene. A cavern just by served to conceal his balloon, and the very few provisions which he had taken with him. He walked to an eminence which lay a little to the south, and, from its summit, could perceive that he had got into an extensive valley, bounded on the north and west by a chain of mountains rising majestically one above another, in endless variety, until lost in the clouds. The Missouri, precipitating itself from amongst them, dashing over rocks, rushed along towards the south. The cultivated fields, and small but snug-looking habitations thickly scattered around him, were a sufficient proof that the place was well peopled: but what sort of people they were, whether in a civilized or savage

state, were considerations which employed Kolinski's thoughts for some time.

Now quite absorbed by ideas so interesting, reflecting on the many strange and unforeseen incidents of his past life, and endeavouring in vain to penetrate through the veil which hung between him and the future, he was interrupted by distant sounds of music, the cadence slow and solemn, well calculated to inspire ideas of the most melancholy kind: the melody, so simple yet so perfect, showed a degree of cultivation in the art which delighted and astonished him: he forgot himself, his situation; and unmindful of every other consideration save that of enjoying strains so unexpected, so melodious, he walked slowly towards the place from whence the music proceeded: it stopped. He stood like one entranced! again it struck his enchanted senses, and again he resumed his pace—

until, drawing near, he found himself entering an enclosure which was surrounded by several rows of black oaks intermixed with cypress.

Within the enclosure stood a vast concourse of people of both sexes, with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the earth. In the centre, on a rising ground, sat about fifty old men, whose venerable locks hanging negligently over their mild and dignified countenances inspired him with respect. In the midst sat one, whose silent grief now and then burst forth in sighs, which seemed to issue from the inmost recesses of a tortured heart. With his milk-white locks he wiped away the tears that, spite of his endeavours to restrain them, rolled down his furrowed cheeks. His figure, bending under the weight of years; the mild resignation pictured in his countenance, which the most poignant grief could not deprive him of; all conspired to touch




the feeling breast of Kolinski with compassion: the tear trembled in his eye, his sight grew dim, he held his handkerchief to his face. At that instant the music ceased: a general movement followed: each individual crowded round the venerable mourner, saying a something which seemed a compliment of condolence.

Kolinski attracted universal attention; every look was directed towards him, and a thousand voices re-echoed the same words addressed to him. But he was ignorant of their meaning; he made signs that he did not understand the language; he showed them that he was alone and unarmed; and in the best manner he could, made known to them his forlorn situation and dependence upon their honour. Some of the elders approaching him made him kneel down and kiss the earth; then taking his hand in token of friendship, leading him forward,

they presented him to their chief, whose grief had so strongly excited his pity. Here a long conversation ensued, of which Kolinski saw plainly that he was the subject: but to what it tended he could not form the most distant conjecture: he hoped, however, from the complacent looks with which they surveyed him, that he had nothing to dread. Again they made him kneel; when the venerable chief stood up, and, taking Kolinski by the hand, raised it to his heart: then helping him to rise, a general shout ensued.

This sudden and unexpected noise alarmed him at first: but finding that nothing disagreeable followed, he became more assured; and, resigning himself entirely to their guidance, he walked in the midst of these fathers of the people, followed by the multitude. For some time they bent their course to the right, between thick rows of oaks



and cedar; then crossing a rich meadow, whose odoriferous perfumes, now inhaled by the vivid rays of a vertical sun, were almost overcoming, they entered a grove of maples, at the opposite side of which stood a number of cottages, encircled by a rude kind of paling which gave an appearance of neatness to the whole.

There was something in this native simplicity, that was more pleasing to Kolinski than all the improvements of art that he had seen in his travels through Europe. In one of the cottages was prepared a repast consisting of pigeons and a variety of other fowls; little baskets filled with the most delicious fruits were handed about by females of exquisite beauty, with an ease and grace that would have done honour to any court.

All that was now wanting to make Kolinski

perfectly delighted with his situation, was the knowledge of their language. He saw himself an object of kindness to a people apparently humane and civilized beyond his expectations. The beauty and fertility of the country, added to the healthy looks of the inhabitants, gave a sufficient proof of the mildness of the climate. He lifted up his heart in gratitude to that Being whose protecting hand had guided him to a place of rest, after he had so forcibly felt almost all kinds of disappointments and calamities that could assail a human being.

The venerable Llanwellin was the only person who did not partake of the repast. Grief still overwhelmed him, and all his efforts to appear cheerful were ineffectual: "Alas!" cried he, "it is in vain you bid me, my dear friends, to be happy: my last remaining prop is gone: can I forget the amiable Guinlanen, the staff of my old age?"

can you, my people, forget his virtues? you say that the Mighty One, in taking him from us, has translated him to the abode of the righteous, and that he has in this young man given us a chief: I believe it. His sudden and unaccountable appearance among us, just at this time, is a confirmation of the dream which Madoc, the holy Druid, after some days spent in prayer, had explained to us. How incomprehensible did his explanation appear to us then! how plain now! 'The bird,' said he, 'which cometh from afar shall heal those wounds which the arrow of death shall have inflicted.' How often have I gone to the cave of the venerable hermit, and begged a further explanation of this extraordinary dream! but as often has he refused, 'Seek not,' said he, 'oh mighty Llanwellin, to develop what is as yet involved in the darkness of time!' and then, with haggard looks and tremulous tone bidding me farewell, would he direct his steps


towards the deepest recesses of the forest, leaving me in a state of anxiety and horror indescribable.— But it does not suit the dignity of man to complain. Llanwellin is still the father of his people; and never more will he, by his grief, throw the shade of melancholy over the countenances of his beloved children. He cannot, it is true, wash away with the waters of oblivion the recollection of his numerous progeny; but he will remember the examples given him by his great and virtuous ancestors of firmness under the weight of affliction.”

Here a general burst of applause broke forth from the people. “Llanwellin, the wise Llanwellin,” said they, “is again himself.” Joy and tumult now seemed to reign for some minutes over this assembly, when Madoc, the holy seer, appeared before them. Silence now hushing to rest each busy tongue, he thus addressed the chief:

“ Virtuous and mighty Llanwellin ! (for who so mighty as he who gains a conquest over himself ?) know, that your conduct is pleasing to the Great Spirit, and I am permitted to tell you, that, in pointing the arrow of death at the last object of your tenderness, he has saved your heart from a wound still more afflicting ; for had Guinlanen lived another year, both you and he would have been made captives to a savage nation whose kingdom lies towards the rising sun. They have long meditated the destruction of this kingdom, and would now have effected it, did not Madoc our great and enterprising ancestor, the founder of our empire, interpose in our favour. Now does the oracle, by his orders, engraven on the walls of the hall of state, show the extent of his wisdom. ‘ The descendants of Madoc shall reign in this land whilst Peace continues to recline under the shade of our woods.’ These, you know, my children, are the words of

that sacred oracle which has so often made us trouble. Soon, too soon, O ye Gods, will the retirement of our favourite Goddess be invaded by insatiable enemy, relentless war; but, by the abilities of this youth whom you have adopted, the rant will be overcome, and the object of our adoration once more restored to us. I will myself undertake to instruct him in our language, our laws, the honours conferred on him. His gratitude and sense will teach him to reign over us with equity and mildness. In the school of adversity he has learnt to correct his own faults, and make allowances for those of others. Thus much am I permitted to you. You, my children, may form a judgment from his countenance, of what his actions may be. Examine it well, and then tell me if you can find the traces of pride, injustice, avarice, or revenge in that open, candid, sensible countenance?"

He paused. The eyes of all around were n



fixed on Kolinski. The hermit continued: "Had you seen him as I have done, when darkness covered the earth, and I had been (as is my usual custom) contemplating the majesty of the starry atmosphere, descending from a globe of fire; and when alighting in the midst of the sacred grove, paying his vows to the Spirit of Spirits, you would say that gratitude to the Gods was a virtue which delighted to dwell in his breast."—

With one voice they all answered: "The wisdom of holy Madoc enlightens this nation."—"Yes, my children," replied Llanwellin, "he is the sun of our intellects: an emanation from the Spirit of Light, he shows us the road to true happiness, and we will follow it,"

A buz of applause ran through the whole assembly; which soon after separating, each individual

of this happy community retired to their respective homes.

Madoc and Llanwellin remaining with Kolinski, they endeavour to make him sensible of the favour he has found in the sight of this people. An apartment is prepared for him, next to that of the king: Madoc retires with him there: he makes known his wish of instructing him in their language: a book containing its characters is produced: Kolinski astonishes the hermit by the avidity with which he receives his instructions: before he departs, he promises to visit him every day, assuring him that, from the wonderful facility with which he learns, he will shortly have a competent knowledge of it.

Kolinski, now left to his own reflections, could hardly believe that he was awake. "Is it possible,"

said he, "that all this is reality? am I not in a pleasing dream? or rather, have I not been dreaming all my life past, and only now awaked. Yes, I am awake," cried he, "and, I hope, truly grateful for the many apparent misfortunes which were the occasion of my present happiness. Never, never will I quit these benevolent and worthy people, who have thus taken to their bosom the forlorn stranger. How different would have been my reception among any nation of the old world. Yes," said he, "kind and generous people! I will study your language, your laws, your customs: they shall be as my own: they must be good, if we can judge of causes from their effects."

He found little difficulty in acquiring a language which seemed to him to have a strong affinity to the Hebrew. He determined, during the life of Llanwellin, his father by adoption, to familiarize himself

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with their history, laws, and religion, which last he fancied must have been originally founded on the precepts of the Gospel,—but at present so obscured by the different opinions of the several writers who had compiled what they called their sacred books, that a second illumination seemed necessary to clear away the clouds of ignorance and superstition: this he had some hopes of being able to compass. their laws were simple and plain, but yet sufficiently strong to maintain equity and order throughout the kingdom. Of their history, a sketch, as translated by Kolinski, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

TOWARDS the close of the twelfth century, Madoc, second son of Owen Gwynnedh, Prince of Wales, taking umbrage at the marriage of his eldest

brother with the black-eyed Winna, only daughter to Tudor, quitted Wales, attended by a number of his followers in quest of new settlements; when discovering a fertile country to the west, they fixed themselves in it; the valley being almost depopulated in consequence of a war which raged for many years between the Mountain Gods and the Giant Missouri. This sanguinary war was at length terminated by a furious battle, which took place on the top of Apallia; when the giant happening to turn his ancle, the Gods immediately hurled him down to the plains, commanding him to take the form of a river; swearing that he should there foam and roar to the flinty rocks until time should be no more. In this valley Madoc gave laws to his vassals, which some time before his death were committed to writing.

Here, quite taken up with dispensing happiness to his people, the image of Winna vanished from his

recollection, and Peace appeared to him in a dream, young as the morning, shining forth in all her native beauty. Madoc becoming enamoured of her, prevailed with her to fix her abode in this country. He had several children by her. The daughters she instructed in the arts of poetry, music, agriculture, and all the different accomplishments in which she so much excels. The sons, resembling their father, when it came to their turn to reign, preserved the most respectful attention to the Goddess, who for many succeeding reigns continued to protect the children of this favoured vale; until Ginlimmon the tyrant, espousing the youngest daughter of Discord, the Goddess retired to her cave in the sacred forest; where shutting herself up, she remained during his whole reign and that of his son Ap-
limmon.

Intestine broils now harrassed the kingdom: it




was divided into two parties, who thirsted as violently after each other's blood, as if they had been transformed into tigers. At length, in a dreadful battle which lasted many hours, the tyrant Aplimon fell, pierced by a thousand poisoned arrows. His son profiting by the misfortunes of his father, offered sacrifices at the altar of Peace; who at length taking compassion on him and her favourite people, once more resumed her dominion over them.

A succession of sixteen kings followed, during which nothing remarkable occurred, until Madoc the Ninth, surnamed the Good mounted the throne. In that year a beautiful luminary appeared in the immense expanse, each evening, soon after the sun sunk to rest, and continuing for some hours above the horizon, at first this phenomenon threw the whole Nation into dismay. But the priest of the


sacred grove gave it as his opinion, that it came as the forerunner of good; which quieted the minds of the people.

Truth sat upon the lips of the Seer; for Plenty opened her stores, to reward the labours of that and several following years. Madoc enjoyed a long and happy reign, leaving at his death two sons. Guinlanen did not survive his father long; but Llanwellin, surnamed the Thoughtful, filled the throne for many years. He was very much beloved of his subjects, having by his study and attachment to the sciences contributed much to the improvement of many of the arts. He lived to an old age; and though he had many sons and daughters, only one survived him: but he, being of a delicate constitution, preferred retirement and ease to the cares attending on royalty; Llanwellin, son of the beautiful Winella, only daughter of Ap-



madoc, the youngest of the sons of Madoc the Ninth, was elected king.


Llanwellin forgot not the power that raised him, his chief study being the happiness of his subjects, entirely overcoming his own passions, and correcting with a just severity the faults of his people. Happiness, nevertheless, does not smile upon the mighty. Llanwellin, by various diseases deprived of all his children, now sees himself like a tree bereft of its branches, save the little Guinlanen, his great-grandson, whose tender years and delicate frame leave this worthy old king little hopes of his ever arriving at maturity.



Here ends the history of this simple but virtuous people, as presented to Kolinski by the hands of

the hermit. What remains to be told is the death of Guinlanen, after attaining the age of nineteen and promising by his manly virtues, his knowledge, and just observation, to be a successor worthy of Llanwellin.

Sarrella, whose mild virtues screened her beauties from the prying eye of envy, captivated the youth. Each hour of relaxation from the attainment of knowledge he devoted to her. Together they often walked along the banks of the rapid Missouri; and often, when seated under a rock, listening to its roar, and admiring the beautiful colours reflected from its humid exhalations, would Sarrella paint to her enraptured lover the charms of virtue, and comparing the passions to the object before them, forming an appearance fascinating and beautiful, but turbulent and violent as the Missouri in their course.



The forest was a favourite haunt of those two lovers; there they listened to the sweet melody of birds, whilst Guinlanen would press Sarrella's hand, and in softest accents breathe vows of eternal love; music more grateful to her ear than the seraphic notes of the feathered songsters. One fatal day, stealing further than usual in the thickest part of the forest, a tiger, rushing from behind a tree, leaped towards the affrighted maid; when Guinlanen, ever ready to guard her from danger, throwing himself between her and the hungry animal, fell a sacrifice to his love before the cries of Sarrella could bring any one to his aid.—Unfortunate Sarrella! better for thee had it been to meet death in its most horrid shape, than thus witness thy lover's cruel fate.

Kolinski shed a tear of sympathy over the sad

doubt flattered him very much; yet happiness did not follow. What, though he was destined one day to fill the first place in the kingdom, Kolinski looked on it as a place of great anxiety and trouble, which the parade and glitter of the most brilliant courts could not counterbalance: what could be the inducement to accept so troublesome an honour? The good of one's fellow creatures: "that certainly is my motive," said he, "and all my efforts shall be directed to that one point." Kolinski never supposed that the love of power made any part of the motive which could reconcile him to give up all thoughts of returning to his country or friends: where, alas! can there be found a heart insensible to that love?

All the customary forms of adoption over, Kolinski now constantly attended Llanwellin whilst dispensing Justice. The form of government was

extremely simple, the power of the king, or chief, being limited by an assembly of elders chosen from among the people, without whose concurrence no act of his could be valid. The original code, however, as composed by the great Madoc, could not be changed by either king or elders without the assenting voice of the whole people. The great and fundamental principle inculcated by him was peace: he particularly insisted on it, in a book written with his own hand, entitled "Madoc's Legacy to his beloved Followers," in the first page of which are these remarkable words: "If any king or chief shall, with or without the advice of the assembly of elders, presume to make war against any nation or nations, upon any pretext whatever but that of absolute invasion of this kingdom, the people shall no longer consider him as their king; but, assembling themselves according as the law directs, shall elect a new chief,"

Many of those hours not appropriated to business, Kolinski devoted to solitary rambles: the scenery was rich, and in some parts of the kingdom truly sublime. Among the great mountains which formed the western barrier, he would sometimes spend whole days, and much of the nights; their rugged sides, from many parts of which projected immense rocks, apparently threatening by their fall to crush the affrighted beholder, were to him objects of pleasing contemplation. Nature, in her most sublime and unimproved state, is often more agreeable to the cultivated mind than all the beauties of art.

After an evening spent in contemplation among those mountains, whose awful sublimity never failed to turn his thoughts towards the great Creator of the universe, Kolinski was leisurely pursuing his way home, when a female figure in a pensive atti-

tude, seated by the side of a little stream, which made its way down the whole extent of the mountain, attracted his attention. He went towards her; she however seemed so deeply engaged by her own reflections, that she observed him not until he stood before her. But what could equal his amazement, when, upon a nearer view, he beheld features so exactly resembling Matilda's, that, in spite of his situation, he could hardly persuade himself it was not. She seemed confused at his abrupt appearance: he apologised respectfully for his intrusion, at the same time requesting to know by what strange chance he found her, at this hour of night, alone, and so far from any habitation.

“ And is it possible,” said she, “ that you can be a stranger to the woes of Sarrella; and that each night she rests her weary limbs on the hard rocks of Lammon?”—“ Good heaven!” cried he, “ my

eyes might deceive me, but surely my ears cannot also join in the deception! It is, it must be Matilda that I see, that I hear! My heart vibrates to her tones. Matilda, my ever dear Matilda! by what enchantment are you here? Speak to me again! tell me, I beseech you tell me, that Kolinski is not forgotten by Matilda!" — "Poor youth!" replied Sarrella, "my heart sympathizes in your sorrow. You too, like me, have lost the object of your affections: but, ah! in what nation or clime could be found one so worthy of being loved as Guinlanen?" Here her eyes rolled unmeaningly about, giving visible marks of a distracted mind. "Farewell!" said she, after a pause which Kolinski felt no inclination to interrupt: farewell! May she whom you love bless you with her presence, while I follow the ghost of Guinlanen!" At these words she rose from her seat, and, directing her steps down the pathless inequalities of the mountain, was soon out of sight.

Now the circumstance of Sarrella's having lost her senses, upon the melancholy death of Guinlanen, first flashed upon his recollection, which the variety of strange events that happened to him at the time he heard the story had put entirely out of his memory. This lady, he saw clearly, must be Sarrella : yet how surprising, that Nature should so sport with his feelings, as to bring to his view, in the wilds of America, the exact resemblance of his Matilda in person, features and voice ! His understanding was but too well convinced that it could not be Matilda, though he found it difficult to persuade his heart to a truth so ungrateful. He wished very much to have some conversation with her : but at present that was impossible, as he could not think of again invading her solitude, how much soever it might gratify him.

Turning at length from the spot to which his

surprise had so long fixed him, he saw something white beneath the rock on which Sarrella had been reclined: he took it up, and found it to be a piece of paper written quite through. By the mild but clear light of the moon he could distinguish the three or four first lines: the remainder were so blotted that it was impossible to make them out. He thought they bore a rude resemblance to the poems of Ossian, which he had read while in England, and admired very much, or rather had been taught by Matilda to feel, the beauties with which they abound: that was the motive which induced him to transcribe the following lines:

“ The ghost of Guinlanen glides among the hills.
It beckons to Sarrella. She stretches forth her
arms; but, like the swift lightning, it flies from
before her: when the moon shines bright on the
valley, she goes forth to hear the voice of Guinla-

nen : she whispers his name to the midnight breeze, whilst sad and melancholy she reclines on the rocks of Lammon. The sighs of a thousand ghosts come rushing on her ear. Ah ! when will the voice of her lover bring the tear of joy to the dry eye of Sarrella ? Her heart is like the thunder, which, pent up in the clouds, struggles in vain to get free."

* * * * *

" Unfortunate girl," said he, replacing the manuscript, " this melancholy picture of your distracted mind shall not be taken from you by me. Perhaps it is some relief to your tortured heart to write your complaints, to read the sad story of your woes."

* In walking home, Kolinski reflected on the many misfortunes attendant on the passions when per-

mitted to tyrannize over the understanding. "What would have become of this poor girl," said he, "if she had been in my situation,—loving to idolatry the most perfect of her sex, yet convinced of her insensibility! Had Matilda loved me, and been torn by death from my arms, I should at least have had the delightful reflection of being dear to her while she lived; and the idea alone of that happiness would have enabled me to endure her loss. I should fancy that she still hovered about me. I should hold converse with her dear shade. I would entreat of her to procure me a release from this mortal prison, that my soul might be at liberty once more to rejoin her. But what folly is this! Now am I guilty of the very error that I have been condemning. Besides, Matilda lives and is happy; she remembers me not. Or, if she does, it is only, perhaps, to laugh at my presumption. No longer, then, must I indulge in a weakness for which I hate

myself. I will tear her image from my heart, or die in the attempt. Never, no, never from this moment shall her name, the very sound of which thrills my whole soul, be uttered by me. The duties of my station shall from henceforth occupy all my attention. From this moment will I endeavour to forget my past life, entirely dedicating the remainder of my existence to the welfare and happiness of this nation, so truly worthy of my gratitude and love.

Kolinski, whose mind had for so long a time been agitated by the misfortunes of his country and family, had yet hardly attained sufficient calmness to reflect. Gratitude, since his fate had placed him among these good people, had been almost his only feeling, but now the rapidity of his first emotions began to subside; and the beautiful Sarrella, lovely and interesting even in derangement, but from the

striking resemblance she bore to Matilda, infinitely more so to him, presented a train of reflections, which at once put an end to all that happiness he looked forward to from his adoption in this country. Happiness without Matilda now seemed to vanish from before his eyes. His relatives, his country too, which he sighed once more to behold, were entwined about his heart. How much soever his vanity might be gratified by the reception he met with, he still found something to regret: the pleasing companions of his youth, the romantic scenery of his native country, but most of all the sensible and amiable companion and friend, which, could he be so fortunate as to interest Matilda in his favour, he might expect to find in a connection with her.


He now blamed himself for his timidity in not making her acquainted with his passion: and indeed

he began to flatter himself that, if he had done so, he might have been rewarded by an acknowledgment of her approbation. Recalling to his memory several little incidents which occurred in the course of his acquaintance with her family, many circumstances in Matilda's conduct, which had appeared to him at the time as instances of her dislike, now, upon reflection, he thought were rather proofs of attachment; for a mind delicate and feeling as her's, he knew, would make every effort to conceal a partiality, even when it met with the approbation of her understanding; which he hoped, and flattered himself was her case.

But those efforts, so painfully exerted by Matilda to throw a veil over the feelings of her heart, in fact gave an opportunity to every spectator to read its inmost recesses. Her Irish cousin soon found it out; but, at the same time, consoling himself on

the departure of his rival, and looking on his own perfections with a microscopic eye, he made little doubt of supplanting any man in a lady's affections, but more particularly a Pole,—that nation being, in his opinion, infinitely below even the French. He exerted his eloquence in displaying his erudition and learning, which he was sure could not fail to captivate Matilda, and triumphed not a little in the idea of adorning his house, and placing at the head of his fortune, a woman so superior to those with whom he had been in the habit of associating.

But, alas! how short and transitory is all human happiness! and how sudden and unexpected was the fall of all his ærial castles! When Matilda assured him that she could never be his, his astonished ears refused at first to convey conviction to his mind. Surely his cousin could not be guilty of such extreme folly and madness; But the ungrate-




ful sounds, although in the gentlest accents, being again repeated, he was, however unwilling, obliged to submit for the present. Concluding that, upon reflection, she must be of a different opinion, he determined to quit London for a few weeks, and shaking Matilda's hand with rather more violence than she could have wished, he bade her farewell, and said, "though he was nonsuited this time, he should look forward to a rehearing of his cause, when he should expect a more favourable judgment."—But the same awaited him.

Had Kolinski known this circumstance, it would have been an additional stimulus to his desire of returning to Europe. But, in fact, he required no more; for at this instant his anxiety to quit this country became so great, and the struggles which every grateful feeling exerted to reconcile him to his fate had such an effect upon his health, that he

was reduced to the lowest state of bodily weakness. Every effort was tried to restore him, but in vain: he sunk beneath the weight: his adopted father was inconsolable: the whole nation was alarmed: prayers and sacrifices were offered up for his recovery.

He was now confined to his apartments: extended on his couch, he reflected on the extraordinary events of his life. So young, yet how many vicissitudes had befallen him! When he compared his lot even with that of the poorest peasants on his father's estate, how enviable did theirs appear to him! The powers of his strong mind seemed to have fled with his health.

His venerable friend and instructor, whose affection for him was equal to that of a fond parent, and who watched the progress of his disease with unceasing attention, soon found that its seat was in the



mind. He saw the struggles of his upright heart, and that he was determined to die rather than acknowledge what he felt. All the hours which could be spared from the duties of his station he spent by the side of his couch. The wisdom of age was in his words, and his conversation was like the balm of the East to the wounded mind of Kolinski. He recounted the scenes of his life: "It is thus, my son," said he, "that we acquire fortitude. Experience shows us the folly of yielding to our passions, and teaches us to look for happiness only when we act in conformity to the will of that great and eternal Power, whose law is light, and in whose presence alone is everlasting and excessive delight: but how often do we deceive ourselves! how often does the ardour of the youthful mind make us believe that we are following the Goddess of Virtue, when, alas! that very ardour envelops us in clouds of darkness! I see your struggles, my son: your

thoughts are no strangers to my eyes: so many suns have not risen upon me, without communicating some light to my understanding: I have disclosed my surmises to the council, and to the king. 'The prince of your adoption,' said I, 'is worthy of the favour which he has found in your sight. Virtue, to whom we pay our adoration each day before the sun has enlightened the tops of the western mountains, has taken him by the hand: he resigns himself to her guidance: but we must follow her dictates, and give this amiable youth his liberty, or he will be taken from us to reign among his kindred spirits: we must endeavour to restore him to his country, to his friends—those objects so dear to the soul, and for which he languishes on the couch of death.'

"My words brought conviction to the minds of the king, and to the council. That august body,

famed for their wisdom and justice, have agreed to my proposal of permitting you to depart. Before to-morrow's sun begins to veil his golden orb from the eyes of this great nation, the decree will have passed, which is to give thee freedom and safe conduct to far distant shores; on whose waters thou wilt find vessels from every country, whose inhabitants undergo with patience all the hardships of long and dangerous voyages, exploring unknown seas, and lands untrodden by human foot save their own,—and all this to carry back those metals which we find so useless, and of so little value, that we let them remain unmolested in their dark and dismal abode; yielding to the wisdom of our ancestors, who forbade the use of all those articles which could induce these traders to come amongst us; well knowing their introduction would be followed by war, and end in the total subversion of the liberty and happiness of the people.

“ Rouse thyself, my son, and let the same virtue which urged thee to die, rather than appear ungrateful for the favour of our adoption of thee, strengthen thy mind to profit by the boon we have granted, in thus rendering thee back thy liberty. In five days the moon will shine upon us in the full extent of her beauty : the calm serenity of her mild rays will cheer the heart of the traveller. A trusty servant of the king will conduct you to the frontiers, where, putting you under the protection of a nation with whom we have celebrated the feast of eternal peace, they will give thee safe-conduct through all the various nations that lie between them and the great ocean. The small casket which will be given thee by us, will among those nations to the east procure thee whatever may be necessary for thy journey, as these traders put a high value on those pebbles dug from the earth. We admire them as being the work of the great and powerful Spirit who

formed and governs the world, but knew them to be infinitely inferior to those beautiful objects which surround us on every side; which grow under our footsteps; and by their ever-varying beauty and fragrance, gratify our senses so abundantly.

“ When sitting under the shade of our trees, regaling on the delicious fruits they produce, and inhaling the odours with which every breeze is impregnated, how often, with a sigh of regret, do we compassionate the folly which attributes so much value to what is really of so little, and which overlooks with ingratitude these blessings, so unceasingly scattered over the earth.—But I shall leave you for the present, my son: may the peace of the great Spirit smile on you, and be the constant attendant of your steps.”

And peace was never more wanting to Kollinski

than at this moment. The weak state of his health made this delightful and unexpected reverse of fortune almost more than he could bear. He endeavoured to tranquillize his spirits; but for several hours his efforts were without effect. At length the many difficulties which he foresaw were to be surmounted before he could arrive at the sea-shore, the uncertainty there was of his finding a vessel bound to any of the European ports, and the possibility that his excessive weakness would retard, if not entirely prevent, his ever getting to his own country, calmed a little the violence of his joy.

On the fifth day his countenance calm, at the same time expressive of that regret which a feeling mind must be sensible of when parting from friends, although in pursuit of superior happiness, Kolinaki bade adieu to those kind and benevolent people. It was his intention to express his gratitude, and

assure them, in a speech which he had composed for the occasion, that although he might appear unworthy of their kindness by thus accepting their permission to depart, yet nothing less than the strong sense of what he owed to his country, his family, and himself, could make him quit a nation which, collectively and individually, had impressed his heart with a respect, a gratitude and love never to be effaced.

All this, and a great deal more, he intended to say: but that heart so deeply impressed, and which could in solitude dictate a feeling and pathetic speech, now seemed to die away, and leave him hardly power to say farewell. He made two or three attempts to speak, opened his mouth, but could not articulate a sound. Locked in the embraces of his adopted father, he shed tears of regret on his aged bosom, conscious that he was now tearing open those

wounds yet hardly healed. His venerable instructor, who had long since learned to look on all sublunary things with the calmness of an anchorite, conducted him to the grove of palms; where bidding him an eternal adieu, and recommending him to the protection of that first and greatest Power who created the universe, he returned to fulfil those duties towards his fellow creatures, which he conceived to be the most acceptable homage he could pay to the Father of all.

To give a recital of Kolinski's journey through the interior parts of America to the sea, and his voyage to Europe, would but tire the reader by a repetition of what has been so well told by various travellers. Indeed, the most clear-sighted inquirer could gain but little information from his journal, as, upon the minutest inspection, it appeared to contain little more than a few religious aspirations,

sometimes curiously contrasted by expressions of impatience and anxiety at those delays and protractions which, though unforeseen by him, were in fact but the unavoidable consequences of such a journey.


Arrived in London, Kolinski's first visit, after having disposed of some of his diamonds, and providing himself with lodgings, &c. was to the house of Mr. Archdale. What delight did he feel in walking towards the street where Matilda lived! what pleasure in the idea of surprising her, he hoped agreeably! he flattered himself, that by thus unexpectedly presenting himself before her, he should be able to read in her intelligent and expressive countenance, every feeling of her heart: for although he had for some time past brought himself to believe all that he wished, and, what was really the case, that she felt a very great partiality for him, yet did

he most ardently desire to be convinced of it; though he well knew how painful it must be to a mind of sensibility and refinement, such as her's, to betray even to herself a weakness *so natural*, yet in her opinion so degrading, however worthy she knew the object of her partiality to be.

His first attempt to gain admittance was so tremulous and so low, that he could hardly hear it himself; yet, still expecting to see the door open, he waited with unparalleled patience for almost two seconds: but his expectations not being answered, and his anxiety increasing to a degree of pain, he now made himself heard through the whole house; and hardly giving himself time to hear the servant's affirmative to his question of "are the family at home?" he ran, or rather flew, up to the drawing-room; where, on his entrance, *for he waited not to be announced*, an elderly lady, who sat reading at

a table in a distant corner of the room, deliberately putting the case of her spectacles between the leaves of her book, to mark the page, and looking at him for a minute as if trying to bring his face to her recollection, which finding impossible, she said with some degree of fear portrayed in her countenance, "Pray, sir, may I request to know what your business may be?"

Kolinski, who by this time was able to recollect himself and arrange his ideas, with that air and manner which always characterizes the well-bred man, apologized for his abrupt entrance; and, requesting he might not interrupt her, he quietly seated himself on the sofa, and, taking up a book that lay beside him, not so much to be informed of its contents as to enjoy those pleasing ideas which almost overpowered him on finding himself once more within that house where he was to have the exquisite happiness




of again seeing and conversing with his Matilda, he did not instantly hear the repetition of her question, nor, until she added, " May I beg to know what, sir, is your name, and to what circumstance I am indebted for this visit?" did he answer. He then told her; that, hearing from the servant the family were at home, he had rushed forward, eager, after a long absence, to present himself to friends so esteemed as this family were by him.— " My good sir, here must be some mistake," said the lady; " for I cannot bring to my recollection that I ever had the pleasure of hearing your name before. Mine is Eldon; and I am sorry to add, that when I am at home my whole family is, having by the all wise Disposer of events been ordained to witness the death of all my family."

Kolinski, now astonished and distressed, explained himself, and requesting her to pardon his

intrusion, hastily quitted the room. He thought he recollected the person who attended to open the door for him; and turning back, he inquired of him if he could give him any information concerning Mr. Archdale's family, who lived in this house about two years back. " Yes, sure, sir. I lived with the family at that very time; and now I think of it, you must be the Count de Kolinski, who visited here, and was such a favourite with the whole family. But la! how changed you be, sir! Bless my heart, who would have thought you were the same person? you that was so good looking a gentleman, so fat and so handsome, now so thin and worn out, as one may say! But I beg your honour's pardon. Only talking of my ould master, your honour, it brought those happy times into my head when you used to visit at our house every day, late or early. And many a time, when we went down to the hall after attending at dinner, the rest

of the footmen and myself, we used to say we hoped you dined before you came, as you were always so taken up in looking at my mistress, that you never minded any thing else: for you know, sir, I was Miss Matilda's own footman. But sure enough it is a bad change for me—though I live with a very good mistress, it is true:—but the house is so lonesome and melancholy; for she never plays cards, nor sees any company but an old parson or two, and a few ladies and gentlemen as they call themselves, who write books, and meet here every Monday and Friday to read and talk. But you may think, sir, that poor servants are never the better for such gentry as those. Lord help them! they are as poor themselves as we are, for all their learning." The bell now ringing put an end to Pat's loquacity; and the count, putting a guinea into his hand, requested to know Mr. Archdale's address.

" And that's what I can't give you just now: but,



if your honour will tell me where you live, I will call with it to-morrow morning. Kolinski told him and departed, not a little chagrined at his disappointment.

He now turned towards the Russian Ambassador's, where he expected to get intelligence of his family and friends: and there, to counterbalance the disagreeable information which he received respecting his country, he found that the Empress, under whose government his father's principality chiefly lay was graciously pleased to restore him to all his former honours; signifying to him at the same time her wish that he should accept the government of all that district lately added to the Russian territory. Her picture, brilliantly adorned, accompanied this request.

Kolinski, finding that he could return to Poland




with safety, now anticipated the happiness which awaited him there; and were it not that his passion for Matilda, and his anxious desire to ascertain if he had any chance of being accepted by her, fascinated him to the spot, he would have instantly departed in a vessel which was on the eve of sailing with dispatches to the court of Russia. He however wrote letters to his father and friends, with a little history of his escape, and the motives which detained him in London; telling his ever indulgent parents, if he succeeded in his wishes, he expected, when presenting them with an amiable and accomplished daughter, to receive their thanks for this delay.

The interval between this and morning being past in alternate fits of hope and fear, did not, it may be truly supposed, appear to Kolinski among the shortest hours of his life. Nine o'clock at length

arrived, and with it the welcome harbinger of tidings so anxiously looked for. "Well, sir," said honest Pat, "I never slept last night until I found out from the butler, where the family were; and, as good luck would have it, sir, I found my ould friend John at home; and so, 'John,' said I, 'if you are not better engaged, I am come to sit an hour with you whilst the mistress is reading the bible, which, lord love the good lady! she does for hours every evening. For my own part, I can't see what amusement she finds in it; though Mrs. Betty says, ever since the death of her son, she reads it more constantly than before.'"—"But, my good friend, said Kolinski out of all patience, what of Mr. Archdale's family?"—And that's what I am coming to, your honour," said Pat. "You know, my ould master being so grievous and melancholic since the mistress died"—"Died, did you say?" exclaimed Kolinski. "Is Matilda dead?"

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—“ Oh dear, no: the heavens forbid, sir! no, no: its only my lady, her mamma. She got cold some how; and though she had enough of doctors, and was bled and blistered often enough, she was dead that day week. And so, sir, as I was saying, the master took on so, that the young ladies persuaded him to sell the house we lived in, and take another in Broad-street; and after that they made him to go and travel about the country a little. And so, sir, off they all went to Scotland, and took but three servants,—my master’s own man, the groom, and the young ladie’s maid. ‘ And so, Pat,’ said Miss Matilda, putting this pretty little purse into my hand, and god bless her! sure enough it was not empty—I wish you well, Pat, and I assure you it is not for any fault I part with you, but my Papa does not wish to take more than two men servants with him. However, if you should be out of place when we return, if that



should ever happen,'—and here the tears ran down her sweet face, thinking, I suppose, that the rest of them might die as well as my lady—she turned about to hide her tears; and, poor dear young lady! being almost choked with grief, she could not say a word. So I thought it my duty to say—
“Heaven bless you, miss! and send you safe back!”
And troth I would not live with the king, god bless him! as long as your honour would think me worthy to serve you.”

Kolinski, out of all patience, writhing in his chair with downright vexation, attempted two or three times to speak, but could not. At length he collected calmness sufficient to say, he was under the necessity of going out immediately, and begged to know if he could inform him of Mr. Archdale's present place of abode. “And that's what I'm telling your honour; only you didn't wait to hear
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It. And so, sir, they travelled all over Scotland, and intended to stop some time at the Lakes in their way back. But the ould gentleman getting a violent pain in one of his feet, the doctors there all said it was the gout, and the next day they ordered the carriage, and off they went to Bath, where he was for a week or so confined to his bed, but is now quite well, and to be in town to-night or to-morrow morning. And so, 'faith, Pat has given warning to Mrs. Eldon, and will be at number 15 time enough to open the coach door for them."

This news now put Kolinski into perfect good humour with Patrick's long story. He thanked him, and, offering him a guinea, which he contemptorily refused, was half way down stairs, when he returned back with a small bit of paper in his hand. "I was just thinking, Count," said he, "that you might like to see this. It dropped from

Miss Matilda's pocket when she took out her handkerchief to wipe her eyes, when she was thinking they might never come back; for, after they drove off from the door, when I returned into the breakfast parlour with a heavy heart, to think how lonesome it looked, what should I see but this on the very spot where she stood!" Kolinski snatched it eagerly from him, and again attempting to force a guinea into his hand, but with the same success, he opened this precious bit of paper on which was written—

Poor simple heart! ah tell me why,
Since from this bosom you would fly,
Why, like the lovely blushing rose,
Upon a thorny bush you chose
To place your love?
My bleeding heart, be wise, and be *.*.*

What would he have given for the remaining lines!

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~~THE FOLLOWING IS THE CONTENTS OF THE LETTER WHICH HE RECEIVED FROM MATILDA.~~

But, unfortunately for him, some rude hand had torn them off, if they had ever been written. But that is among the many other obscure events which it is to be feared that even time will not develop— the writing was Matilda's, he knew, for he had often seen her write, and the composition must be her's: for in his opinion, *and from his knowledge of the English language, he concluded himself fully competent to judge* those few lines possessed more beauties than all the English poets. With the most humble submission to his judgment, however, we must acknowledge that the entire and only merit which in our opinion they contain, is having been written by her own fair hand, and which we make no doubt had its due weight in the mind of her lover. Could it be that she meant to describe the feelings of her heart? How did his upbraid him, if he was the person alluded to! Yet he wished and hoped he was; for, however strange and inconsist-

but his conduct might have appeared to her, he flattered himself an explanation, a candid explanation, would obtain forgiveness and the hand of his loved Mathilda.

This precious fragment he read over and over to himself, but wishing to do it all the justice it merited. And we believe, were we to hazard our opinion, in order to gratify his ears with sounds so charming, he now read those lines aloud, with that just emphasis which a foreigner might be expected to do, taking infinite care, by the melodious cadence at the end of every line, to render it so truly pathetic, that it was impossible to hear him without dropping tears of sympathy; or, as melody has sometimes been known to have different effects upon different dispositions, being convulsed with laughter, So varied are the feelings of the human heart!

Another tedious day and night passed, and on the third Kolinski had the happiness of finding himself seated by the side of the amiable Matilda, the acknowledged friend of her heart, with full permission to solicit her father's approbation of their union. Distance of place was the only objection which he could make; and that being obviated by Kolinski's promising to visit England for a few months every second year during her father's lifetime, all matters were soon adjusted.

Letters now arriving from Poland with an earnest request from the Count's father that Mr. Archdale and sisters would have the goodness to accompany his daughter-in-law home, urging as an inducement, that, the air of his country being so salubrious, he made no doubt but it would entirely restore Mr. Archdale's health. Kolinski, Matilda, and the whole family, uniting in their endeavours to enforce

this request, Mr. Archdale at length consented, and it was determined that immediately after the ceremony was performed they should accompany the Count and Countess to Poland.

The day so much wished for by Koliński at length arrived, their hands were joined at the Russian Ambassador's Chapel, and having partaken of a sumptuous breakfast at his house, they bade adieu to London for some time; and as we wish to leave a pleasing impression on the minds of our readers, we think it more politic to conclude with a wedding, than, going with them to the end of their journey, detail a long account of contrary winds, sea sickness, bad roads, long miles, and inns without provisions.

THE END.

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